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Printed
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Lud. Du Guernier inv. et Sculp:

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THE
APPARITION:
OR, THE
SHAM-WEDDING.



.A

C O M E D Y.

As it is Acted at the

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THEATRE-ROYAL in Drury-Lane,
By His MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

Laudatur & Alger.

Juv.

By a Gentleman of Christ-Church College in
OXFORD.

The THIRD EDITION.

LONDON,

Printed for JOHN WATTS; And Sold by
W. FEALES at Rowe's Head, the Corner
of Essex-Street in the Strand.

M DCC XXXIII.



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fee



To the Right Honourable
JOHN Lord Carteret.

My L O R D,

 N an Age where every
Man takes upon him
to judge of Plays, and
few judge well; and
where the Generality of Mankind
seem, as it were, combined to con-

A 3 demme

The Dedication.

demean all Mens Works but their own, it is none of the Poet's smallest Labours to make choice of a Patron, whose great Name and Authority, and universally acknowledged good Sense and Judgment, may be able to shelter him from the common Fate of Works of this kind, being run down by the Malice of Criticks and Faction.

If your Lordship shall please to take the following Piece, however unworthy, into your Protection, I shall have much better Fortune in this Particular, than most of the Gentlemen who have written for the Stage have had.

The very Name of *Carteret* prefix'd to it, will be sufficient to awe and silence a Multitude of those ill-natured

The Dedication.

natured Snarlers, who are always ready to attack and rout the Defenceless.

But I have still another Motive to induce me to inscribe this Trifle to your Lordship, and that no less prevailing than the former; That is, the Grateful Memory, which I can never lose, of your Lordship's past Favours to me. Gratitude is the Noblest of Humane Virtues: And this is all the Return I am able to make you, for an Immense Sum of Benefits.

If there be any thing in it, which can a little divert, and entertain your Lordship at your Leisure Hours, I have my End. To come up to your Lordship's nice Taste, I despair of

The Dedication.

At least it will afford me an Opportunity, I have long wish'd for, of testifying with how much Respect
I am

Your LORDSHIPS

Most Obedient, most Devoted,

Humble Servant.

T H E

THE PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Mills.

A *s* some fair Nymph, in Rural Mansions bred,
Who Neighb'ring Swains in Thraldom long had led;
Disclaiming Conquests of so low a Price,
Seeks to enlarge the Empire of her Eyes:
Big with aspiring Hopes she comes to Town,
Secure to make the Galants all her own:
In vain the unexperienc'd Thing displays
The artless Beauties of a blooming Face;
And strives to please with rude unpolish'd Grace:
She sees how Art and Nature both conspire,
To perfect Beauty, and inflame Desire:
With conscious Shame, and secret Anguish fill'd,
Blushes to see her self so far excell'd,
Blames her unskillful Pride, which urg'd her on:
And wishes more she knew, or less were known,
So fares our Author with his Virgin-Muse,
Whose forward Pride did daring Thoughts infuse:
Too eager from her blest Retreats to run,
And visit Dangers which she might well shun.
Unpractis'd in the Treatment of the Town,
The Judges Censures, and the Criticks Frown:
And Damning, to her Innocence unknown.
Yet since she's ventur'd hither, don't refuse
The Entertainment of a Country Muse.
The Sacred Nine, as ancient Stories tell,
On verdant Hills, in Ages past, did dwell.
Convers'd with shady Groves and murmur'ring Streams;
The Muses Residence; the Muses Themes;

and

The Prologue.

And there, from Towns, and Crowd, and Noise retir'd,
Their Vor'ries with Poetick Rage inspir'd:
And our new Maiden-Poet his dox bring,
From those blest Shades where first they learnt to sing.
Encourage this her Infant Offspring then,
And she will soon become a Citizen
Receive this Stranger to your Approbation,
And give her a Free Naturalization:
And you shall see her next Performance made,
As tho' at Will's she had been born and bred.

THE E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by Mrs. Santlow.

To you, Grave Judges, who have Nightly fix'd
With Looks demure, to try the Cause of Wit,
Our Poet does himself and Cause commis.
He pleads no former Merit, to excuse
The Dulness of his untaught Country Musick:
But hopes Submission may Compassion draw,
And mitigate the Rigour of the Law.
I told the Fool he had but little Brains,
To hope for Mercy where strict Justice reigns.
Fond Wretch, said I, to think this Town so please,
With such crude indigested Lines as these!
Thou, who in distant Regions dost abide,
From those where Wit and Humour do reside:
Thou who at Will's didst never yet appear,
The Sentences of Learned Bardz to hear;
And know'st no more what Wit is shining there,
Than I the Councils of th' ensuing Year.
He frankly own'd all that I said was true;
And conscious of his Imperfections grew,

Bur

The Epilogue.

But now too late it was to make Retreat:
His Cause was call'd, and you his Judges sat.
To me he then his doubtful Suit commended:
My Face, and Sex, he thought, wou'd be befriended.
For sure, it cannot be, when Women plead,
And Men are Judges, that we don't succeed.
Well: Since I am Council Feed for the Defendant,
I'll make his Case the best I can depend on't.
Consider first, This Town, tho' rich of yo. e
In Wit, like Land much till'd, is growing poor.
And, if thus daily haras'd, I presage,
Cannot long yield full Harvests for the Stage:
For Wit, like other Grain, if sown too fast
In the same Ground, will give thin Crops at last:
To Day, a new Soil her First-fruits does yield,
Curse not the first Production of the Field:
Another Summer, if you will permit,
May bring forth a much larger Crop of Wit.
This for the Play: For th' Author next I'm Suitor;
Spare his first Faults, and warn him for the future.
Trembling he stands without, in horrid Dread?
What Glory is't to kill a Wretch half dead?
But if, in spite of all I've said to save him,
You Cormorant Critics are resolv'd to have him,
I beg this short Reprieve: Let him but first
Live out three Days: Then, Galants, do your worst.

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

SIR Tristram Gettall, Uncle to Welford.	Mr. Norris.
Sir Thomas Esterhaze, Father to Aurelia.	Mr. Bullock.
Mendwell,	Mr. Bowman.
Welford, in Love with Aurelia.	Mr. Booth.
Friendly, his Friend, in Love with Clarinda.	Mr. Mills.
Dumbwell, Kinsman to Sir Tho. Esterhaze.	Mr. Keen.
Foist, a Lawyer.	Mr. Spillair.
Plotwell, Servant to Friendly.	Mr. Pack.
Bankbill, a Goldsmith.	Mr. Leigh.

W O M E N.

Aurelia, Daughter to Sir Thomas, in Love with Welford.	Mrs. Montford.
Clarinda, Sister to Welford, in Love with Friendly,	Mrs. Sanlow.
Mrs. Abigail Esterhaze, a formalold Maid, Sister to Sir Thomas.	Mrs. Baker.
Buffy, Maid to Aurelia.	Mrs. Saunders.

Bailliffs, Servants to Sir Tristram and Sir Thomas.

SCENE LONDON.

Time, from Eleven in the Morning to Twelve at Night.

T H E



THE
APPARITION:
OR,

The Sham-Wedding.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

S C E N E Welford's Lodgings.

Enter Welford with a Letter in his Hand, Servant waiting.

WELFORD.

HO brought this?

Sir. Nehemiah Saintly, Sir; your Uncle, Sir Tristram's formal Book-keeper.

Wel Find out Friendly, and let him know, I have some Business with him of the utmost Haste and Importance.---

[Exit Serv.

Now I am indeed compleatly Miserable; sunk in a Moment, from a fair Prospect of an ample Fortune and Inheritance

The Apparition: Or,

ritual, to the lowest Ebb of disgraceful Poverty — I've lost a Father too — and left, it seems, by him to the Mercy of an Uncle, whose Nature is a Stranger to any — Whose Honour, Conscience, Religion, and Faith, centre all in one Point; and that's his Interest. — My Father could not, did not do it — Perhaps, the disobedient Follies of my Youth provoked him — Or the artful Dissimulation of Sir *Tristram* persuaded and prevail'd over him, to do an Act against his Reason; which at his Return he would have revoked.

Enter Friendly.

Friend. What's the Matter, Ned? What's that thou art muttering to thy self? Why, thou art as dull and pensive as a Stage Poet that has squander'd away, over Night, the last Remains of his Third Night; and is damned thenceforth to abstain from Claret, 'till he has finish'd his next fulsom Panegyrick, or flattering Dedication.

Wel. Alas, my Friend, have I not Reason?

Friend. Come, come, I know well enough, that thy confounded Uncle's scanty Allowance, bears no Proportion to thy gay and generous Soul: But hang Reflection, thou shalt never want, whilst thy Friends have enough, what shall suffice for lusty Burgundy, and sprightly Champaigne.

Wel. Oh! my hard Fortune!

[*Sighs.*]

Friend. Never sigh, Man, for any Thing that is in the Power of a little Dirt to purchase; nor hang down thy manly Head, and be out of Countenance, in the Presence of the Nymph thou admirest, because thouart not furnish'd to bid up to her Price: Pleasure must be shared, my Friend; and 'tis as much Satisfaction in a generous Mind, to assist his Friend in the Means of purchasing, as to partake with him in the Enjoyment of it.

Wel. Ah, *Friendly!* thou hast not heard, I find, of my Misfortunes — How should't thou know them, indeed, since an Hour past I knew them not my self — Pleasure is now no more; — Friendship and Love are no more — No Man is a Friend to the Wretched.

Friend. What Miseries, what Calamities can those be, which will make any Manceuse to be a Friend to *Welford*?

Wel.

The Sham-Wedding.

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Wel. Spare me the Relation, and read here.

[Gives the Letter.

Friend. reads.

Cousin Welford,

I Have received a certain Account this Morning, that the Vessel in which your Father, and my good Brother, was returning Home, is cast away — By which sad Calamity, you have lost a Father too good for you; and I a kind loving Brother: He was a wise Man, and foresaw what waste your Risus would soon make in the Estate he had been long getting; and therefore prudently has left the sole disposal of it to me, in a Deed of Gift to that purpose: Whereupon I think it good to let you know, by these Presents, That your graceless Course of Life has justly provoked me, to apply the whole of the aforesaid Estate to my own Use. And that you are to expect nothing further from me, 'till more Grace makes you worthy the Regard of

Your Uncle,

Tristram Gettall, Kne.

Curse on him for an old formal Hypocrite; would he have a Gentleman be a Fanatick in Religion, and a mere Critic in Conversation; and know but one Walk, from the Counting-House to the Conventicle, and back again?

Wel. And now Frank, tell me truly, is not my Condition, in your Opinion, desperate, irretrievable, and past all Hope of Comfort?

Friend. Dear Welford, your Misfortunes touch me; I pity them, as a Friend ought to pity, with a purpose to redress them — Come, hang it, cheer up; some lucky Hit may retrieve all again, recover the Estate you were born to, and make you shine far above that obscure Fellow that now Eclipses you.

Wel. And art thou so unfashionable a Fellow, as to own a Friendship to a Man in Necessity; nay, profess to do him Good too! All Mankind forget their old Acquaintance when they come to need them; and shun a Friend grown Poor, as of all Duns the most uneasy: — I can't expect it of thee — Leave me to Oblivion and Obscurity, and my own Afflictions.

[Wipes his Eyes.

The Apparition: Or,

Friend. For shame, away with this Womanish Passion:—I am thy Friend, and true Friendship delights to do Good; as it is free and disinterested at first, so it increases, nor abates, by the Occasions that are given us to exercise it in; and the Wants and Adversities of a Friend, are the Fuel that inflames that Noble and Generous Passion.

Wel. Thou art a Prodigy of Humanity and Virtue, that in this frozen Age of Goodness, canst preserve thy Affections warm to a Man whose Indigence must burthen, and whose Fortunes are never likely to be in a Posture to repay thee.

Friend. No more of this, I have no End but to serve my Friend, and the Success is all the Payment I desire—Clear up your Countenance, I presage all will be well yet—Let the Coward and the Guilty despair, the Brave and Innocent always tire ill Fortune, or subdue her—Let me see—But first, do you want any Mony?

Wel. At present, no; my good Management has saved something of that little I had.

Friend. When you do, I shall think the Breach of Friendship begun on your Side, if I don't hear from you.—In the mean time to do our Busines—Whatif you tried Persuasion a little? Set up the Justice of your Claim, and preach to the Old Scoundrel's Conscience; he pretends to a great deal:—You must Expostulate, Ned; you must Expostulate.

Wel. What! bow and cringe, beg and pray, for my Right of Inheritance, to one that has unjustly robb'd me of it! You cannot have so mean an Opinion of your Friend.

Friend. Not for the World: I counsel no fawning Submission; but go to him with a Face manfully Erect, and full of your Native, but Injur'd Innocence; justify your self, and modestly demand your Right.

Wel. And do you think, that an Old Fellow, with all the Craft and Coverousness of Sixty three, is to be talked out of an Estate of Fifteen Hundred Pounds a Year, and Twenty Thousand Pounds in Mony and Effects?

Friend. Demand, at least, to see the Writing by which he Claims it—You must make a Demand, 'twill justify your

The Sham-Wedding.

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your farther Proceedings, and look like asserting your Right in Face of the World.

Wel. Well, I'll be ruled; but I expect no other Treatment, than what pretended Sanctity and real Knavery usually afford to Men in my Circumstances: I shall be called all the Rakes and Scoundrels under the Sun, in the New pure Dialect of the Godly Zealots.

Friend. No matter—One Thing more; Do you know what Lawyer drew this accursed Deed?

Wel. I suppose my Father's; he's an unknown obscure Fellow, unlearn'd and unpractis'd in the Worthy Parts of the Law, but skill'd in dark close Conveyances. 'Twas Charity induced my Father to employ him, he had starved else.

Friend. A very fit Instrument for your Purpose; his Poverty inclines him to the best Bidder.—We'll give him wherewithal to Eat again, and I warrant you he unravels all.

Wel. He's a Creature of Sir Trifram's, and, as I've heard, lately turn'd, by him, Fanatick: A Conscientious Villain, that will never betray his Patron, unless it were to a better, and that I can never prove.

Friend. A Fanatick! Nay, then he swallows Gold as favourily as Sack and Sugar; and will betray all the Patrons in the World for a Broad-Piece—His Name?

Wel. Foist— You may as well give over the Thoughts of him; he is too deep in Sir Trifram's Interest to betray him to us.

Friend. Fear Nothing, a Man of his Character can never withstand the Omnipotence of a good Bribe— You're too distrustful of your own Fortune—Faintheart, you know—I'll meet you at the Rummer, at One; 'till when I'll pay a Visit to my dear Clarinda— [Exit, returns.

I had forgot, I have an excellent Engine for you, should this Design fail; 'tis my Man Plotwell; he has Subtlety and Impudence in abundance, two admirable Qualifications for our Purpose.—'Till One farewell. [Exit.

Well. Well, if complicated Misery, like mine, can receive any Comfort, it must be from such a one as Friendly; whose sanguine Temper always makes him Hope the best.

The Apparition: Or,

and infuses a kind of Chearfulness into the most distressed and uneasy.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Mr. Dawbwell is below, Sir, and desires to know if he may be admitted.

Wel. Shew him up, Blockhead; was I ever deny'd to him?

[*Exit Servant, and Enter Dawbwell.*

This Ceremony shews at what distance my adverse Fortune sets me from my Friends: There has been a Time when *Dawbwell* would have flown to the Embraces of his Friend, without a formal Message for leave of Admittance.

[*Dawb. runs and embraces him.*

Dawb. No Time or Circumstance shall ever shake or alter that sacred and inviolable Friendship I have for the generous *Welford*.

Wel. 'Twere a Sin to doubt thy Integrity; forgive me, Friend; 'tis natural for a Man, whose Condition is grown mean, to think himself despised and neglected.

Dawb. I met the dismal Relation of your Uncle's Cruelty as I came hither, and that made me appear formal, not knowing, but in the first shocks of Grief, even Friendship's Self might have been thought Intrusion.

Wel. How busy is Fame to spread Evil? 'Tis almost incredible you should have heard of my Misfortunes so soon.

Dawb. Hear of them! Why 'tis all over the Town by this. Sir *Trifram* read aloud his Letter of your Father's being Drown'd, and then the Copy of that he sent you, in a full Change, surrounded with a Crew of starch'd pretise, gaping Traders, of his own Level for Understanding and Honesty, who by affected judicious Nods and Shrugs, testify'd their Applause and Approbation—Every Coffee-house in the City is full of it.—He glories in it.

Wel. Unnatural Monster! Well! What says the World, Jack? I know when a Man is ruin'd, all Men speak their Minds of him without Reserve; for Flatterers have then no more to hope, nor Detractors to fear from him.

Dawb. The World behaves it self as it usually does upon such Occasions. The Old Men, who are past Pleasure, and envy Youth the Relish of it, side with your Uncle, and condemn you. The Young are all on your Part; and the

The Sham-Wedding.

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the Ladies of all Ages are for you; accounting your Gaiety to their Sex, to have been the chief Cause of your covetous Uncle's Displeasure.

Wel. I am their Humble Servant: But I'm as little affected with their Compassion, as relieved by it. There is but one of that Sex from whom Pity wou'd prove a Cordial. How does the incomparable *Aurelia* receive the—News of my fallen Estate?

Dawb. I have not seen her to Day.

Wel. My Fortune there, which now is indeed my All, depends much upon your Friendship.

Dawb. Be sure of every thing in my Power to serve you, but I believe you want no Advocate there.

Wel. Cou'd I be fully assured of that, my ill Fortune wou'd sit easy upon me.

Dawb. You may: Women's Passions are too strong and sincere to be torn up, when once they have taken Root. They Love and Hate with as much Constancy, as little Reason. Rest satisfied, you can lose no Ground in my fair Cousin's Esteem.—But how will you deal with Sir Thomas?

Wel. There again, I shall want your Assistance: You will have your Part in this After-Game.

Dawb. And I will play it with all Fidelity to my Friend: But may not I know what is projected?

Wel. Nothing more yet, than that I should try by gentle means to work upon Sir Trifram, whilst *Friendly* lists Foys about the Deed, and tries to discover either some Forgery, or some Flaw to my Advantage.—We Dine at the Rummer, where your Prefence will be very useful to my Affairs.

Dawb. I am unfortunately engag'd, but will break loose after a Glass or Two, and come to you.

Wel. [Locks on his Watch.] 'Tis near Twelve, and I must call at my Sister's, and go to Sir Trifram before Dinner yet: You'll excuse my leaving you here. Farewell.—Remember *Aurelia*. [Exit.]

Dawb. [Solv.] Remember *Aurelia*! Yes: When I forget her, may I be poor and despicable as thou art now. But stay: Am not I a Villain to betray my Friend? Yes; but

The Apparition: Or,

if I don't, I betray my own Love and Interest too.—
 If Welford marries *Aurelia*, he marries Sir Thomas's Heir;
 and I can't bear the Estate shou'd go out of the Family.
 ——So there is Friendship and Honour and Conscience in one Scale, and Love and Interest in the other. They say the former are Virtues of the greatest weight but I am sure with me the latter vastly preponderate. Nay upon Recollection, I am not so great a Villain neither, —I Love this *Welford*, and will serve him too,—after my self. No Friendship requires a Man to strip himself of all.—Let me see—I have it,—I'll provide for the Starveling too.—I think I have the Means,—I'll about it instantly.

[Exit.]

SCENE changes to a Room in Sir Tristram's House.

Enter Sir Tristram, and Foist; Sir Tristram with a Parchment in his Hand.

Sir Trist. Are you sure you have made it firm? Will it bind? Are all the dangerous Crannies of the Law well stopt?

Foist. All, Sir: 'Tis as firm as Law and Words can make it. If your Brother should come to Life again, we would outface him that this was his own Act and Deed.

Sir Trist. Are you positive my profane and wicked Nephew is entirely Cut off of all? I dread much, lest some Jacobite Jury should favour his Right of Inheritance.

Foist. Your Brother's Estate being acquired by his Personal Industry, and subject to no Entail, he was empower'd, by known Law and Justice, to dispose of it to whom he would. And I have made him, here, give it wholly and solely to your self.—Your Nephew is not worth a single Shilling more than your Bounty shall bestow upon him.

Sir Trist. Then I'll take care he shall have little enough —I have satisfied my Conscience in that Point—And truly, Mr. *Foist*, Conscience is a tender Babe;—I had many Scruples within my self concerning this Matter:—But that good Man, and great Pains-taker, Mr. *Snuffe*, at an Evening-Lecture last Week, gave me much Consolation; when he said, with great Power of Speech,

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The Sham-Wedding. 9

That it is lawful for Godly Men to refresh themselves with the Spoils of the Wicked——And I am sure the Doctrine is good, for I never was more Edifyed with any in my Life——But hark-ye! What care have you taken of Witnesses? Are they Conscientious? Won't they go from their Word?

Foist. I have Cull'd three of the most zealous and devout of Mr. Snuffe's Congregation; you may see their Names at the Bottom of the Deed: The first is Caleb Smoothly.

Sir Trist. Good.

Foist. Deborah Ogle.

Sir Trist. Ogle! Who is she?

Foist. She that sits in the next Pew to you, with a Face half demure towards the Congregation, and t'other half leering at the Man in the Pulpit.——She protested that no other Consideration, but her Respect to your Worship, and the Cause, could have prevail'd upon her to engage in this Businels.

Sir Trist. Good Woman——I know her——she shall not lose her Reward——The other?

Foist. Mr. Ezekiel Double.

Sir Trist. He will never do; I have seen him go to Church.

Foist. He writes Weekly against it.

Sir Trist. No matter for that: If he goes to Church he won't stand to it——He'll never swear roundly——Scratch him out.

Foist. Well, two will serve your Turn; and the other I am sure will never flinch——So I give your Worship Joy of your new good Fortune.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir, Mr. Dambwell desires to know, if a Visit will not be Troublesom from him; he stands without.

Sir Trist. Odso——Let me consider——He is an hopeful young Man, and a near Relation of my good Friend Sir Thomas Eshbysides:——But then he is very intimate, I hear with my Rakehelly Nephew:——I must be upon my Guard——Admit him—— [Exit Servant.] Mr. Foist, step aside into the next Room, 'till I fist out his Er-

rand: Some Message from my Nephew, ten to one; but I am armed.

{Exit Foist.

Enter Dawbwell.

Mr. Dawbwell, your Servant.

Dawb. Worthy Sir Trifram, I am Yours: You may wonder perhaps at this unseasonable Visit from me.

Sir Trif. Why truly, Mr. *Dawbwell*, my House has been so seldom Honour'd with your Presence of late, that I am apt to conceive there is more than bare Ceremony that brings you hither now.

Dawb. You're in the Right of it, Sir *Trifram*: My sincere Respects for you brought me hither; I parted not a Quarter of an Hour since from young *Welford*.

Sir Trif. If your Business be on his behalf, pray dispatch it in a few Words; for I am at present indispensably engaged.

Dawb. I wish my Regard for him were any longer consistent with the Friendship I owe to you—And I had much rather it had been any other's Chance to have heard him: — I don't know whether I ought in Conscience to betray him, even to you.

Sir Trif. Heard him! — Betray him! — even to me! — What has the Apostate said? What has he done? — Come let me know — Heard him! What! against his Uncle? — A graceless Wretch! — I'll hamper him.

Dawb. I profess, Sir *Trifram*, if you are thus passionate, I dare not speak; I would not for the World incense you against him — Now I think on't, I have nothing to say — 'twas only a Fancy.

Sir Trif. Fancy! Come, Mr. *Dawbwell*, you have heard that Miscreant say something to the Prejudice of my Honour. You must, you ought in Conscience, and tho' I lay it, in Gratitude, to let me know it.

Dawb. Ah! Sir, you have touched me in a tender Part: Nothing but a just Sense of my Obligations to you, and the pregnant Inclination I have to serve you, could supersede the Engagements I have to *Welford*: — But he is, — I grieve to say it — a wicked Man.

Sir Trif. Come, out with it; hang him, what should you love or fear him for? he's not worths Great; —

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I am sure, now I have the Estate, I can prove a better Friend than he.

Dawb. First promise me you'll take no Notice of any Thing to him; he must needs know who's your Informer, and then I shall have no farther Power to serve you: I must keep in with him, otherwise I can't betray him to you.

Sir Trif. Excellent! I did not think so much Wit and Grace had been in you, Mr. Dawbwell: I hope you will be one of us in Time.

Dawb. I hope you will not suspect any Treachery to be in my Nature, if I choose to oblige you, rather than him.

Sir Trif. Not in the least; there is no such Thing as keeping Covenants with Wicked Men; we may, and ought to break them, when the Peace and Prosperity of the Godly require it:—Come, what said he?

Dawb. I visited him this Morning in the midst of his Rage and Fury at his Disappointment; but I trembled to hear what horrid outragious Oaths he swore against you.

Sir Trif. There's a hopeful Dog! Curse his Uncle! Well, what else?

Dawb. He said he was perswaded that you have forged the Deed, which gives you Possession of his Estate; he can never believe his Father would be guilty of such an Action.

Sir Trif. Infamous Scoundrel! bear Witness, Mr. Dawbwell, I'll trounce him; Forged it! I'll batter him with Actions of Scandal innumerable: I'll lay him flat; I'll teach him to blast the Memory of his dead Father, and the Reputation of his living Uncle.

Dawb. Indeed, Sir Trifram, if you are so fierce I must not proceed.

Sir Trif. Well remember'd; I am cool, I am hush'd, I am gentle as a Lamb of the Flock.

Dawb. He talkt of getting your Lawyer Tois into Examination, together with Friendly, and try to extort something from him to the Prejudice of the Settlement.

Sir Trif. Here's Honesty! here's Confidence! Corrupt the Law, and pervert Justice:—well! and what more?

Dawb.

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Dawb. Only he designs to wait on you first of all, and try by fair Means to recover his own.

Sir Trist. His own? shameless Impudence! Why, has he any Thing? is it not mine? I'll give him a Welcome as he deserves— By good Fortune I have *Foilz* here in the House; and tho' I don't believe he will on any Terms consent to a dishonest Thing; yet I'll keep him out of the way of such Examiners.

Dawb. And now, Sir *Tristram*, I hope I have given you ample Testimony, that I seek nothing in all this, but your Advantage. [Sir Tristram Embracing him.]

Sir Trist. My dear Friend, Words shall not express my Gratitude; only have still a watchful Eye over my Nephew; ply him close, creep into his Bosom; and when he has laid it open to you, come and discover all to me.

Dawb. I shall see him again this Afternoon, with his darling Mischief *Friendly*; I shall be called to the Consultation, I shall make a Party in the Plot.

Sir Trist. And like a good Common-wealth's Man confess all to the Government, and peach thy Fellows:— I like it well, 'tis a Righteous Practice.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir, Mr. *Welford* is coming up, he is in the Hall.

[Exit.]

Sir Trist. Presumptuous Varlet! what, intrude without leave?

Dawb. I must not be seen.

Sir Trist. Step that way into the Garden for a Minute or two— [Exit Dawbwell.]

Enter Welford at another Door.

Sir Trist. Well Sir, what is your Business with me that you thrust your self in here thus unmannerly, as if 'twere your own House?

Wel. As my Presence is ungrateful to you, I shall burden you with a Stay as short as I can.

Sir Trist. The shorter the better. Proceed.

[Welford showing the Letter.]

Wel. I desire first to be informed if this was sent from you, or by your Order, to Day?

Sir Trist.

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Sir Trif. Here's Conscience, here's Honesty; the Monster would have me deny my own Hand.

Wel. I could gladly have hoped it had not been yours, for your sake, as well as my own; but if it be, may not I know what I have done to deserve this Usage?

Sir Trif. Usage! what Usage? The abominable Wickedness of the Age we live in! A Man cannot dispose of his own, but some malepert young Fellow thinks himself abused by it.

Wel. You know I am abused, basely wrong'd; nor do I expect any Favour from you, I desire but Justice.

Sir Trif. Justice! There's another Cant: If a profligate Debauchee be disinherited for his Wickedness and Disobedience; he thinks it Injustice.

Wel. Debauchery was never any Part of my Character and if I have been disobedient in some Things, my good Father would never have punish'd it with a total Rejection.

Sir Trif. Audacious Miscreant! Thou Child of the Wicked one! Dar'st thou charge me with Forging thy Father's Deed?

Wel. I charge you with Nothing; I only demand to see this Deed.

Sir Trif. No Sirrah, you shall not see it.—Get you out of my Doors, Sirrah, and do but presume to think you have any Right to what is mine, and I'll order you.

Wel. And is this all the Satisfaction I am to expect?

Sir Trif. This is your final Answer; begone with it; and let me see that ungodly Face no more.

Wel. Then no more my Uncle, but thou unnatural foul Diffembler, I defy thee: Thy outward Zeal and inward Knavery will appear. S'Death, that my good Father shou'd be so deluded, to bestow the Fruits of his honest Labours, to feed this pamper'd Hypocrite!

Sir Trif. Oh Abomination! How the profane Villain swears! Thou Offspring of the Scarlet Whore, avaut I say.

Wel. But one Curse at parting: May the hungry Cancers of thy own Persuasion, devour thy ill-gotren Substance, 'till thou art as bare as I am.

[Exit.]

Sir Trif.

Sir Trif. A fair Riddance: I was never so provoked in my Life; I had like to have rav'd and fworn like one of the Wicked. [Goes to the Door.] You may come in there:

Re-enter Foist.

Mr. Foist, you shall Dine with me to Day, and if my wicked Nephew, or his debauch'd Companion, send for you, be sure avoid them: They have a Design to— to murder you, as far as I know.

Foist. I shall avoid them as I wou'd a monyless Client, or a Suit that nothing is to be got by.

Sir Trif. Well: Be Honest; mind your Instructions, and I'll reward you.

Foist. May I never be call'd to the Bar, if I ever neglect my good Friend and Patron.

Sir Trif. Call'd to the Bar! Why, if you succeed in this, you shall be called to the Bench. If ever our Party have any Interest again, the Family of the *Foists* shall make a greater Figure in Law History, than ever the *Hales's* or the *Littleton's* did. I am sure you will richly deserve it of them. But Mum.

Re-Enter Dawbwell.

I fear'd we had lost you, Mr. Dawbwell.

Dawb. I took a Turn or two the more, to be sure to escape *Wiford's* Notice.

Sir Trif. Dinner's ready, we shall have your Company.

Dawb. I'll wait on you instantly.

[Exeunt Sir Trif. and Foist.

Dawb. [Sighs.] So far Matters go swimmingly. The greatest Difficulty is, *Aurelia* will never be won fairly; she loves *Wiford*, and hates me:—There it sticks:—She'll never consent.—But no matter: Force or Fraud will do as well; and if I never gain her Approbation, so I get her Person and her Fortune, I'll not stand out for so small a Matter as her Likin'.

Let those who Bind themselves to Honour's Rules,

Dye, as they Live, Unthriving Honest Fools;

Who covet vain Reports of Honesty;

Unenvy'd let them take the Fame for me:

Success in Fraud pays well for Infamy.

{ [Exit.

A C T

A C T II. S C E N E I.

SCENE A Room in Sir Thomas Eitherside's House.

Enter Aurelia and Clarinda.

Clar. Believe me, dear *Aurelia*, that nothing but a Sense
of my disconsolate Condition, without you, and
the seasonable Relief I justly hope from your faithful
Counsel and Advice, cou'd have made me thus indecently
break through all Forms, and come abroad the same Day
I heard of my Father's Death.

Aur. 'Tis Generous and Discreet: Let precise, methodical,
dissembling Fools, who live by Custom, and rejoice
or grieve by Rule, mourn by the Almanack, and bound
their formal Lamentation by Days and Weeks. The Sincere
and Wise know what is due to a Friend's Memory,
and their own Loss, and pay that punctually; but no
more.

Clar. Alas! My Sorrows are not to be circumscribed by
Time, and much I fear, none will e'er determine them.

Aur. Be comforted, *Clarinda*: Your Father's Thread of
Life was almost spun. Fate cut it not, 'till the last hasty
Lock was twirling off the Distaff.

Clar. A thousand Circumstances concur to aggravate my
Grief. Had Nature cut him off by ordinary Means: Had
he return'd to his own Native Home, and there expired
gently in the Arms of his relenting Children, I had then
lamented no Calamity, but what is common to all Man-
kind.—But now! —

Aur. What now?

Clar. No Pious Obsequies to attend his Herse! No Monu-
ment to cover his Venerable Dust, but the boundless Ocean,
or the voracious Maw of some frightful, horrid Monster of
the Deep!—I cannot bear the Thought. [Ways.

Aur. How naturally does a Mind once deprest, seek to
add to its own Weight? And from what inconsiderable
Particulars, does it form solid Distress and Wretchedness to
its self?—Consider his Death was attended with no man-
ner

ner of Ignominy, or Dishonour; and his fragrant Memory, and unfully'd Fame, will build him a more glorious and lasting Monument, than the most officious Piety cou'd have erected.

Clar. I have a Brother too, in whom I well might have expected to have found another Father, Just, Generous and Brave. But he, alas is destitute of Means to comfort, or support himself.

Aur. You are not single in that Misfortune. I have too great a share in't, and I am sure I have much greater Difficulties to struggle with than you have. My Lover ruin'd, and I little Fortune at Command,— My Father Absolute, Positive, and Imperious, and of a Temper not very likely to approve the Man, when he is divided from the Estate: Whilst you are Free, posses'd of a fair Fortune from your Aunt, and *Friendly* an Heart and Estate to dispose of to you, and no one to control him.

Clar. I can think no Happiness for my self, whil&t my Brother wants his, and I see little hopes for him.

Aur. Have a good Heart, like me. Our Lovers are Men of Wit and Spirit, and I am persuaded if we two join Forces with them, we shall be too hard at last for a Brace of Old Fellows.

Clar. What wou'd you have me do?

Aur. Cry like a Girl that has lost her Baby:—Come, forget the Old Gentleman, and think of the Young One.—So,—a good Girl; compose your Features, and let us contrive an Interview with our Lovers, and take our Measures from them.

Clar. [Wipes her Eyes.] Your cheerful Temper makes me hope. But what part can we manage?

Aur. The best I'll secure you: Never any Design yet thrived that had not one Woman engaged in it, and where there is Two, I'll warrant for the Success.

Clar. For my part I cannot foresee any Use we are likely to be of.

Aur. I am ashamed of your Cowardise and Distrust. Methinks in this Cause I cou'd put on Breeches, and go bully that old Scoundrel Uncle of yours, out of his Pretensions to my Welford's Estate.

Clar.

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Clar. 'Tis well, my Heroine; I believe you will have Occasion for all your Courage; for, if I mistake not, your Father, and my confounded Uncle you speak of, are just enter'd the House, I am sure their Conjunction has a very ill Aspect on our Affairs.

Aur. we must disappear then: I'll set *Buffy* to watch them, as we go down: We'll then slip out the back way, and search out our young Counsellors, and fear not, we'll rout the old ones.

*For tho' in Grave Affairs of State, does rest
Most Solid Wisdom in the Aged Breast,
In Love, Young Politicians are the best.*

[Exeunt.]

SCENE Another Room in the same House.

Enter Sir Thomas Eitherside, and Sir Tristram Gettal.

Sir Trist. I was horribly afraid you had engaged your Word to marry her to the young Rakehell.

Sir Tho. Look you *Sir Tristram*, I did make a kind of Agreement to that purpose with his Father; but my Promise was to the Estate, and not to the young Man: And now that is none of his, I reasonably conceive I am absolved of the Promise.

Sir Trist. Rightly apprehended. The Condition cannot be perform'd, and so the Obligation is void of Course.

Sir Tho. True: He that had my Word is dead, and cannot now perform Covenants: So much Jointure, for so much Fortune: Death you know dissolves all Contracts, and his releases me.

Sir Trist, I profess you are a very wise Man, *Sir Thomas*, a very wise Man. I was afraid you had got that whimsical Notion of Honour in your Head, that makes Fools keep their Words to their own undoing.

Sir Tho. I wou'd not do a dishonest Thing for the World; but Care of Posterity is incumbent upon every honest Man. 'Twere Injustice to my self and my Daughter, to throw her away upon one who has nothing to merit her.

Sir Trist. No Estate, you mean.

Sir Tho. Ay, What else has Merit?

Sir Trist.

Sir Trif. Nothing in the Earth: Nor Justice, nor Honesty neither:—Poverty must needs make Men Rogues: They must starve else: For how can a Pennyless Vagabond come by his Living honestly? But Sir Thomas, I think you acknowledged just now, that you had promised your Daughter to the Estate, tho' not to the Man: Now, as I have the Estate, she is mine by Covenant; I hope you will stand to your Word.

Sir Tho. I thought you had been serious all this while, *Sir Trifram:* I hope you do not make a Jest of my disfing of my Daughter?

Sir Trif. Sincerely, I am in Earnest.

Sir Tho. You must give me leave to consider a little of the Proposal; it surprizes me— [Pauses.]

Sir Trif. Surprizes! Is it a strange Thing for a Rich young Man, to treat a Marriage with a Wealthy young Lady? I'll settle my whole Estate—It works; he cannot resist that Bait. [Aside.]

Sir Tho. [Aside.] Let me see, he's Rich, that's the main Point; but then he's Old—What of that? she'll have the Wit to provide for her own Necessities sure: My Family were never wanting in that—Ay, but he's a Villain too!—No matter, the likelier to thrive. [To him.] I fear, *Sir Trifram*, there are many insuperable Difficulties in our Way; you had better give over the Thoughts of it.

Sir Trif. What Difficulties?—She's not Engaged, you say. [Bursts into Tears.]

Sir Tho. Why truly, I doubt she has settled her Affections on your Nephew; and I would not force her to be unhappy.

Sir Trif. But you give her leave to be unhappy, if you consent she should Marry that beggarly Reproba—
Her Affections! Why, 'tis impossible she should love him, when she knows he is not worth a Groat.

Sir Tho. Nay, my Girl has a Spirit in her, above having much Value for one that has Nothing:—But then your Age and hers will never agree.

Sir Trif. My Age! Why, I am Young, Healthy, Vigorous, and Lusty, Ha? I am younger than her tatter'd Prodigal by 1500 l. a Year—You are an Old Fellow to talk of my

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my Age; — I'm of a strong long-liv'd Race; — I fear I shall tire her with Conjugal Embraces.

Sir Tho. You are vigorous indeed; well, you may be Young enough for her Constitution; and I like the Discretion that attends your Years; but —

Sir Trif. More Buts yet? Am not I Rich enough, Old Boy?

Sir Tho. Yes, but you differ in Religion; she'll never like your Way: And Difference in Religion begets the greatest Heats and Animosities.

Sir Trif. Differ! I'll never differ with her in the least for that Matter; I did not care whether she had any Religion at all, or no.

Sir Tho. No! why so?

Sir Trif. O, by all means 'tis best, that a Wife should have no Religion; when they get that in their Heads, they never mind any Thing else.

Sir Tho. Then you'll never agree: My Girl won't be kept from going to Church.

Sir Trif. Never fear; between puking and breeding and nursing and looking after the Family; I'll make her so sick or so weary, she shall be glad to stay at Home.

Sir Tho. Well, since you are so Adventurous; and will settle all your Estate, you say, — 'Tis a Match.

Sir Trif. Your Hand, old Dad. — I'll shew you a Grandson within these ten Months, shall be the Envy of all the Wives, and Shame of all the Husbands, within the Bills of Mortality.

Sir Tho. You are in your Altitudes sure, Sir Trif; you forget your self, you have lost your wonted Dialect all of a sudden, and talk widely, like Reprobates of this World.

Sir Trif. S'Bobs! And that's a terrible Oath: I am a new Man. Altitudes, quothe'a! Why, I was never so exalted in my Life; I love little *Aurelia*; Odsniggers! Blfs me, I had like to have sworn again I do: But this Love, Father *Etherfide*, alters a Man strangely.

Sir Tho. Strangely indeed; but I'm mistaken if you are so Hot a Week hence: A Wife of Eighteen, is a sure and sudden Cooler to a Man of Sixty three; and I'll answer for my Girl, she shall do her Part.

Sir Trif,

The Apparition: Or,

Sir Trif. Shall she? I long to be trying: Well, when? where? Ha!

Sir Tho. The sooner the better: Let the Writings be drawn, and the Portion settled. and then—

Sir Trif. And then little *Triflram* is the happiest Man on this side the *Ganges*; do you know where that is, Father? 'Tis an huge Row of Mountains that part Christendom from the Heathen World.

Sir Tho. I hope *Aurelia* will be sensible of her own Happiensiſſ. Who must draw the Settlements!

Sir Trif. Foſt; no Man fitter; I secured him at my House to Day; from my wicked Nephew's Plots. I left him with *Nehemiah*, in a learned Dispute, whether the Christians in *Muscovy* are Independents or Presbyterians.— I am ſure he is taſt for Two Hours, if no one interrupt them.

Sir Tho. 'Fis time to relieve them; do you go and get Matters ready there, whilst I prepare my Daughter. I long to have her ſecured before it takes Air, and *Welford* contrive any Thing to disappoint us.

Sir Trif. You ſay well; let it be to Night; every Thing ſhall be in a Readineſſ; and d'you hear, for the better Security, let it be at my House.

Sir Tho. With all my Heart: Haste then, lose no Time.

Sir Trif. I run, I fly upon Wings, like Heathen *Jupiter*, when he was a Bull for Love.

Sir Tho. I'll wait on you out, and then let her know what a comfortable Husband I have provided for her,

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Buiſy.

Buiſy. Here's fine Mischief! towards a fair Bargain and Sale made of the Person of my Young Lady: Who would be a great Fortune now, to be bought and ſold in Hugger-mugger, like a Pad-Nag, by a brace of old reſty Marriage-Jobbers?— Were it my Caſe tho' I ſhould like it well enough: A rich Husband for me, let the rest of him be what it will; if he were Old I ſhould not care; unless 'twere in another Island of Pines, where none else is to be had:— But my Lady is too ſcrupulous and virtuous for foſth to receive Conſolation that way; and is in Love with

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a Beggarly Gallant, that has not one solitary Half-piece left to slip into my Hand at the Stair-Foot: I might betray her now— But Sir *Triflans* is as Covetous, as the other Needy:— So in a Case where nothing is to be got by Treachery— I'll even be faithful, and tell her all I have heard.

Re-Enter Sir Thomas.

Sir Tho. Where's your Mistress, Hussy?

Buify. Gone out, Sir, with Madam *Clarinda*.

Sir Tho. How! *Clarinda!* and *Welford* I suppose? Confusion! Married, I'll warrant you! Confess Minx, come, what Hand have you in this Plot?

Buify. What Plot, Sir? I know of none.

Sir Tho. No, you don't know that *Aurelia* is stolen to be Married to *Welford*, and ruin and disgrace my Family for ever? [Draws his Sword.] Tell me, thou Instrument of the Devil, when, which Way they went, and this Moment, or I'll send thee to *Belzebub*, with all thy own and thy Mistress's Sins about thee.

Buify. Oh Lord, Sir! Pray don't fright me so: As I hope to be sav'd; nay, as I hope to be married, Sir, she is not gone with any such Intent, that I know of: Madam *Clarinda* and she walkt out since Dinner. And I am sure, for Mr. *Welford*, she hates him.

Sir Tho. [Puts up.] I am pacified: Come, 'tis a good Girl: [Chucks her.] But are you sure she does not love *Welford*?

Buify. May I never taste your Worship's Bounty more, if I did not hear her this very Morning speak all the bitter passionate things against him, that could be uttered.

Sir Tho. This for thy good News— [Gives her Money.] I rejoice to hear it: I have such an Husband for her, the City does not afford the like.

Buify. [Aside.] Two Pieces, as I hate Virginity: I wonder when ever so much was gotten by telling Truth?

Sir Tho. You don't mind me, Hussy: I have provided a Husband for your Lady: Get you in, and wait her coming, and send her hither to me: [Exit *Buify*.] — So, I think I have taken a Fatherly Care of my Child; and I shall have the Pleasure of wiping the young Fellows Nos-
ses

ses that buz about her perpetually: My Kinsman Dawbwell I have observed leering amorously upon her; but he brings no Estate neither— I'll swear young Fellows are very impudent: Every Fop with a long Wig and a Snuff-box thinks he may pretend to an Heiress of a Thousand Pounds a Year: But I shall shew the World an Example in disposing of a Daughter.

Enter Dawbwell.

O Kinsman, did you meet *Aurelia?*

Dawb. No, Sir; But I come to inform you of something that nearly concerns her Welfare, and your Honour.

Sir Tho. You do well: What is it?

Dawb. Welford, Sir, has actually proposed to surprise her by Stealth, and carry her off, and marry her.

Sir Tho. By Force?

Dawb. I wou'd not willingly harbour a base Thought of my fair Cousin; but I fear she is privy and consenting to the whole Affair.

Sir Tho. S'death! a young Harlot, I'll ham-string her; I'll spoil her Gadding: She's out now: Who knows but they are got the Devil knows whither by this Time?

Dawb. No, Sir, she's safe now I believe; for I know Welford is at this Time at the Rummer: I thought it my Duty to give you this early Notice: I wou'd not have her so wretchedly cast away, for your Sake.

Sir Tho. [Aside.] Or rather for your own; But I'll try you [To him.] Well, I'll secure her when she returns:— 'Tis a vexatious Task to keep a young Girl within Bounds; but this Night shall put an End to that Plague with me.

Dawb. What do you mean, Sir?

Sir Tho. I mean, Sir, to rid my Hands of any further Authority over her for the future, by surrendering her up to the Conjugal Power.

Dawb. You don't design to marry my Cousin to Morn-row, Sir?

Sir Tho. No; but I design to marry her to Night, Sir.

Dawb. [Aside.] Damnation! But he must not discover my Concern— [To him.] 'Tis either very sudden, Sir, or very closely managed all this while.

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Sir Tho. 'Tis both——I think 'tis time to make her off when every young Rogue in Necessity is gaping for her Fortune to pay his Debts, and support his Extravagancies—He's moved.

[Aside.]

Dawb. May I know the happy Man?

Sir Tho. Why if I thought it were in your Power to prevent it, you should not; but as I think nothing can—'Tis my worthy Friend Sir Tristram Gettal—I see it surprises you.

Dawb. Sir Tristram!—Indeed it does: In my Opinion, Sir, you have chosen a very odd and unequal Yoke-fellow for my Fair Cousin.

Sir Tho. Your Opinion, Sir, is like to have little Weight with me in this matter: I have consider'd it, look you, and like it well; and you are an inconsiderate young Fellow, and, as I take it, a prejudic'd Party.

Dawb. I cou'd give you many Reasons why this can never be an happy or agreeable Match, nor consistent with your Honour or Reputation.

Sir Tho, I believe you don't approve it; and I know I do: So you may keep your Reasons and Opinion to your self, and I'll follow mine. [Exit Sir Tho.]

Dawb. [solus.] Say you so, Sir Thomas? My Opinion is of no Weight it seems; and I cannot prevent Aurelia's Marriage with the old Dotard? Indeed, Cousin Knight, you may be mistaken yet.—I have a good mind to turn honest, and join heartily with Welford to break this Match—I'll do't—That is, I'll help him to rout the Old Men, and then find some way to secure Aurelia to my self. [Exit.]

S C E N E changes to the Rummer: Discovers Table, Bottles, and Glasses: Friendly and Welford sitting, Plotwell waiting.

The Gentlemen rise, and come forward.

Friend. 'Twas horridly unlucky, that Rogue of a Lawyer was out of the way.

Wel. I expect nothing but unlucky Accidents to befall me. Fortune is in an Humour to sport with my Distress, and raise

Tho.

raise my Hopes only to dash them in pieces——But I lookt for no better. I always thought it a very shallow Project, to hunt after Discoveries of this Nature.

Friend. What can be discovered more to your Advantage, than that the Title your Uncle pretends to your Estate is a forg'd one?

Wel. Can you imagine that the Contriver of that Mystery of Iniquity, and who is no doubt, so well paid to conceal it, will betray so profitable a Trust?

Friend. Yes: The greatest Villain will turn honest, when 'tis for his Profit to be so.

Wel. I am not of your Mind; There is as much Inclination as Interest goes to make a Man a Villain. I am against any farther Proceeding in this way. Nothing but Success can screen me from the Scandal of Bribing of Witnesses—— You must think again, before I move in it.

Plot. Suppose I find a convenient time to beat the Rascal *Foist*, till he speaks Truth?

Wel. I'll have nothing of Force: Extorted Confessions are always deny'd when Men are out of Danger.

Friend. Then what do you think of commencing a Suit against Sir *Trifram* for the Estate?

Wel. And so declare War by Attorneys and Sollicitors: No: I have no Forces for such an Engagement.

Friend. Money, the Life of that War, shall not be wanting.

Wel. But Evidence, the Soul of it, I have none. 'Tis true, you and I are persuad'd, that Sir *Trifram's* Deed is all Cheat and Imposture; But 'twill be difficult without direct Proof, to bring over a Judge and a Jury to our Opinion.

Friend. Money may do that too. 'Tis hard if we can't get the Formalities of the Law, for once, dispens'd with on the side of Right; when they so often have been so against it.

Wel. What! Suborn a Jury of Citizens against a Citizen! A likely Proposal! Was there ever a President from *Westminster* down to *Hicks's Hall*, that a Verdict was given against their own Fraternity? And as for the Gentlemen of the Long Robe, they retain too much of their *Inns of Court*

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Court Practice, to give a Cause against one who lets out Money———Oh

Enter Dawbwell.

Here comes a good Counsellor: Well, *Jack*, what News?

Dawb. Nay, no News at all: Some Men wou'd be, not only wiser, but older too than their Fathers; and one is about taking a Bargain he cannot manage, whilst another parts with what he cannot keep.

Wel. Riddles: Prithee explain.

Dawb. Why an old Friend of yours is going to ask Blessing of one he might have been Godfather to; and beget Children, which by the Course of Nature should not have been Born 'till Twenty Years after he was Rotten.

Wel. Speak out of the Clouds: Who, and what is it you mean?

Dawb. Why then, *Ned*, in plain sober Sadness, your Uncle is to be Married this Night.

Wel. Married?

Dawb. And to *Aurelia*.

Wel. Fire and Furies! It cannot be.

Dawb. Nay, I only had it from Sir *Thomas* himself; and just now I over-heard Sir *Tristram* give Orders to *Foist* to hasten the Marriage-Settlement: He is gone Home about it.

Wel. Cursed Misfortune! I only wanted this to compleat my Misery. Inhumane Cormorant! to ravish from me my Love and Inheritance together.

Friend. Bear it like a Man. Redoubled Adversity quickens Invention, and what seems at first Sight to add to the Difficulty, affords fresh Matter to work upon———You'll join, Sir. [To *Dawbwell*.]

Dawb. In this Case who wou'd not?

Plot. Pray Sir, had that vile Petrifogger you met, a certain transitory Bundle of Parchments with him? Did he carry the Badge of his Profession?

Dawb. He had nothing in his Hand, but a cross-headed Bamboo Cane, and a Spectacle Case.

Plot. And if I cou'd steal away the Deed you have been talking of, it would do the Busineſſ?

C

Dawb.

26 *The Apparition: Or,*

Dawb. Doubtless: Cou'd that be secured, Sir *Thomas*,
wou'd never give his Daughter to one, whose Bags are as
loose as his Skin.

Plot. Expect but half an Hour Gentlemen, and I will re-
turn with the Golden Fleece.

Wel. You're a Madman.

Plot. You shall add, Sot, Fool, Blockhead, Ass, Logger-
head, Puppy, and as much more into the Bargain, if I am
not as good as my Word; only expect me here.

Wel. You will find me at my Sister's.

Plot. I fly, Sir.

[Exit Plotwell.]

Enter Drawer.

Draw. An Old Gentleman below inquires for Mr. *Welford*.

Wel. Who is it?

Draw. I don't know him, Sir; but he seems to be one
that has a great deal of Money, or Busines; for he has very
old-fashon'd Clothes, very thoughtful Looks, and a Gold
Head upon his Cane.

Wel. S'Death! It cannot be my Uncle sure?

Friend. If it be, *Dawbwell* and I are Seconds enough—
Shew him up— [Exit Drawer.]

Enter Bankbill.

Mr. Bankbill your Servant, what important Affair draws
you out of *Lombard street*?

Bank. Sir, I am yours: My Busines is with Mr. *Welford*,
and I am told he is in this Company.

Wel. My Name is *Welford*.

Bank. If you please Sir, a little further. [*They come for-
ward.*] only a small Note, Sir, payable to your self or Order;
I was unwilling to bring it in Specie, till I knew how you
wou'd order the Payment: Any Time Sir, at your Leisure:
'Tis at sight.

Wel. [*Afside.*] A Hundred Pounds I protest —— A
most welcome Relief. [*To him.*] Sir, this Afternoon I'll
wait on you.— But pray, is the Gentleman in Town
himself, or did he order it out of the Country for me?—
I must not seem surpriz'd. [*Afside.*]

Bank. Sir, 'twas a Lady call'd at my House to Day; I
presume 'tis a Present to you, Mr. *Welford*.

We

Wel. [Aside.] I am discover'd.—[To him.] A Lady, Sir? and may I not know to what bountiful Fair One I am so much obliged?

Bank. She was perfectly unknown to me, and I believe intended her Person to be a Secret; but I think as she took Coach again, I heard her Companion call her *Aurelia*.

Wel. [Aside.] *Aurelia!* Generous Creature! Out of her small Fortune to do this!

Dawb. [Listening, and Aside.] How! *Aurelia*? What can this mean?

Bank. Sir, I may take my Leave at present.

Wel. Your humble Servant, Sir. [Exit Bankbill.] Now my Friends I am half brought over, to hope all will be well; One more such lucky Accident, and I shall grow almost, Frank, of thy sanguine Temper.

Dawb. What sudden good Fortune has overtaken my Friend?

Wel. See here a Hundred Pounds to revive my starved Hopes; and from a Lady too; a Present as unexpected as it is grateful.

Dawb. Has the Lady no Name?

Wel. None that must be publish'd: 'Tis not fair to boast of Ladies Favours.

Dawb. [Aside.] S'Death! 'Tis from *Anrelia*: My Projects blast on all Hands: I cannot now rescue her from *Tristram's* Arms, but I throw her directly into *Welford's*.

Friend. Whoever the Fair One be, 'twas kind and seasonable, tho' you know you need not want an Hundred Pounds.

Wel. I thank you: Now let us to *Clarinda*, and wait the Event of your Man's Designs: If he succeeds, farewell Plotting, our Work is done: If not, I'll save *Aurelia* from being Entomb'd alive, or perish in the Attempt.

Dawb. [Aside.] Let me see: Some Use may be made of this—Where shall I see you an Hour hence?

Wel. I cannot dispose of my self so long before-hand, as my Affairs now stand; but *Plotwell* shall give you Intelligence.

Dawb. Well, Success to us all against the next Match.

Friend, Wel. Your Servant.

[Exit Dawb.]

Wel. And now, my Friend, from this happy Hour, I date the beginning of all my future good Fortune: My Sun is just now breaking forth, to dispel the black Clouds of Adversity.

Friend. May your Hopes have a sure Foundation, and certain Accomplishment.

Wel. I have no certain Prospect neither, I cannot positively say my Affairs have a much better Aspect: But to Men accustom'd to ill Fortune, one little Turn of Good, gives new Lite and Expectation: And I, who an Hour ago thought my self beyond Redemption ruined, am now revived, to hope the Enjoyment of all my Wishes.

*The Merchant thus, in Storms and Tempests tost,
Despairing Safety, gives his Hopes for lost:
Whiſt all around contending Surges beat,
And angry Billows seem to batten Fate.
But if at length, to bleſs his longing Sight,
Thro' all the horrid Gloom appears one Streak of Light:
If one dividing Cloud in all the Sky,
Gives hope that a ſucceeding Calm is nigh,
No more he thinks on Dangers ſtill behind,
But Objects of Delight fill all his Mind:
He then revolves his Safety on the Shore,
His gainful Merchandise, and precious Store.
A New-born Joy tranſports his ravish'd Breast,
And all his Heart bounds forth to meet the welcome Guest.*

[Exeunt.]

A C T

A C T III. S C E N E I.

S C E N E Sir Tristram's House.

Enter Sir Tristram and a Servant.

Serv. M R. Foist's Clark waits to speak with you, Sir.
Sir Trist. Bring him in. [Exit Servant]

Enter Plotwell, disguised as an Attorney's Clerk.

Well: Wat have you finish'd, Ha?

Plot. My Master, Sir, and I, have been at work about your Marriage Writings, ever since he came from you, and they are near concluded: But he desires to peruse Mr. Welford's Deed once more; something has escaped his Memory, and he cannot proceed without it.

Sir Trist. Peruse? Why he drew it himself, and read it to me this very Morning: Sure you Lawyers have short Memories.

Plot. Alas Sir, so many Mens Affairs as we are employ'd about, 'tis impossible we shou'd remember every Particular.

Sir Trist. And yet I'll warrant you, if you were to make a Bill for a Client, you wou'd remember every Particular from Term to Term, tho' a long Vacation went between.

Plot. Sir, your Busines stands still all this while.

Sir Trist. Then I'll bring it my self presently.

Plot. If you please to send it by me, 'twill do better my Master charg'd me to make haste.

Sir Trist. How do I know you belong to Foist? I never saw you there.

Plot. I am a Writing Clerk, I never appear in any Company: If I were a Cheat, how should I know your Affairs thus?

Sir Trist. That's right; I'll fetch it.

[Going, a Servant gives him a Note.]

Plot. [Aside.] I have succeeded: I shall be chronicled for a Master of Design and Contrivance.

Sir Trist. [Reading to himself.] How's this? Plotwell, Friendy's Servant, has undertaken to get the Deed out of your Hands, by some Disguise and Artifice; therefore beware of any Stranger. Hum, hum, hum.

Plot. [Aside.] What is the matter with this old Coxcomb? Here's some sudden Alteration: I'll try to discover it. [Goes round and looks over Sir Tristram's Shoulder.] The Devil! A full Discovery of my whole Design. Wou'd I were safe at the Rummer again.

Sir Trist. Child, you are sure Mr. Foist sent you, you say. Stay here but Two Minutes, and I'll bring what you want.

[Exit.]

Plot. I suppose that's a Cudgel, or an Halter, or some such friendly Matter; I'll secure my Retreat, whatever happens.

[Goes to the Door he enter'd at, and takes out the Key.]
Re-enter Sir Trist.

Sir Trist. Come hither young Man.

Plot. Your Pleasure, Sir?

[Comes timorously forward, and Sir Trist gets between him and the Door.]

Sir Trist. You come from Foist, do you? You want the Deed? Thou Son of the Grandfather of Lyes! Thou young Impostor. [Goes to lock the Door.]

Plot. What's the matter, Sir? [Aside.] 'Tis well I secured the Key.

Sir Trist. Hey! the Key's gone: But 'tis all one; I'll teach you to plot for that Vagabond Nephew of mine: Hoa! Nehemiah, Zachary, Salathiel. [Enter Servants with Cudgels.] Seize that audacious Villain, and give him the condign Punishment I order'd you.

They go to lay hold on Plotwell; he runs to Sir Trist, who stands to bar his Passage, throws him down and Exit. The Servants run out after him.] Oh! the Robust Varlet! Oh! my Sides! My Head! My Bowels! Oh! I am kill'd, I am bruis'd to Death! Why, you Blockheads, Rascals, Sots, Where are you all? Don't you see I am Dead here?

Re-enter

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Re-enter Servants,

First Ser. We pursu'd him to the end of the Street, and raised a Cry against him, but he was too swift of Foot to be overtaken.

Second Ser. I believe he wou'd have out-run a Brace of the best breath'd Bailiffs in Town.

Sir Trist. Hang him, and you too, you Oafs: Don't you see I am down, you Loggerheads, quite spent? And stand prating of a Race and I don't know what whilst your Master is not able to get up upon his Legs. [They help him up.] — Verily I am much bruised in the outward Man—Another such a Mischance, and I am spoilt for a Bridegroom — I had best hasten too; these young Rogues will undermine me else. I profess I am hurt—in the Back too,—and that's a scurvy Place for an old Man at this Juncture:—Here, help me, I'll to Father Eithersides, and there finish matters, to consummate presently.

[They lead him off.]

SCENE changes to Sir Thomas's House.

Enter Sir Thomas and Aurelia, Busy waiting.

Sir Tho. What I propose, is for your Good, *Aurelia*: My Part as a Father, is to provide for your Happiness; and yours, as a Child, is to obey without Reserve.

Aur. Happiness do you call it, Sir! Can there be a greater Misery, than to be forc'd into the Arms of one I loath and detest?

Sir Tho. Time shall cure your Aversion, and reconcile you to him.

Aur. Can Contradictions be reconcil'd? Can Age and Youth, Frost and Summer, Death and Life, be ever made to agree together?

Sir Tho. How now, Malepert? Who taught you to contradict me thus? Sure I know what is fit for you, better than you do.

Aur. Sir, with your Leave, the Comforts or Inquietudes of a marry'd State, depend principally upon the Disposition of our Affections, and those no one can judge of but our selves.

Sir Tho. Hussy! I won't bear to hear my Will disputed; learn your Duty to submit, and say no more.

Aur. Hitherto my Actions have known no Rule, but your Commands; and if I disobey them now, I hope I am not undutiful; since I prevent you from the horrid Guilt of ruining her, whom by the strictest Ties of Nature you are bound to preserve.

Sir Tho. [Aside.] How perversely the Jade argues? She has been a duriful Child, that's the Truth on't; but I must not be wheedl'd out of such an advantagious Match as Sir Tristram. [To her.] Look you, Child, I am far from ruining you, I mean to make you happy in an opulent Fortune: Come, be a good Girl, and do not withstand your own Preference.

Aur. I never could be persuaded, that true Felicity consists in possessing a great deal; what Satisfaction is there in Riches, when they cannot be enjoyed?

Sir Tho. True; but you shall enjoy all your Soul can wish: Consider, Aurelia, the Splendor, Clothes, Equipage, Jewels, and Pleasures, you will be Mistress of: Besides, you will be a Lady too. Zooks, you'll be the Envy of the whole Town.

Aur. I can't fancy my self Happy, meerly because others think me so: The World, that judges only by Appearance, often makes those the Marks of its Envy; who, if their inward State were truly known, are rather Objects of Pity.

Sir Tho. Then the Honours that will flow in upon thee, Girl: In less than half a Dozen Years thou wilt be Lady Mayorels; at once in the Bloom of Beauty, and at the Pinnacle of Authority.

Aur. Yes; and learn to make Custard for the Sword-Bearer; and hear all the doting Sir Formals of the City make their awkward Compliments, upon my discreet Choice of a Husband.—'Twill be a pretty sight, to see your Daughter placed among those pieces of Antiquity, and simpering at the smutty Commendations of old Men for Husbands, when her own Experience can give the Lye to every Word of it.

Sir Tho.

Sir Tho. Hussy, don't provoke me: I know what you would be at; the young Spendthrift Welford runs in your Head: I warrant you would ruin your self now, with all your Heart, and take the Beggar before Sir Tristram: Come, speak out, is it not so?

Aur. I ever thought it base to lye; I do own I had rather partake of his Wants, than share his Inheritance with his wicked Uncle.

Sir Tho. 'Tis very fine, I am glad I know your Designs; but d'you hear, Mrs. Pert, this Night shall secure you in the Arms of that Uncle you so much loath and detest; therefore in and prepare.

Aur. [Kneels.] On my Knees I beg you Sir revoke your cruel Purpose; I will never marry Welford without your Consent: spare but to force me to Sir Tristram.

Sir Tho. What! You article with your Father, do you, Disobedience? Your Stomach is too nice for an Old Husband to go down with you, is it? You want a Dainty-Bit, a young Fellow to satisfy your Wanton Appetite: Sir Tristram is not Man enough for your Buxom Embraces, is he? Well, provide for your self otherwise if you can, I am resolved he shall have the lawful Authority.

Aur. [Rising.] These are Words which neither become you to speak, nor me to hear. I have intreated with all Humility, if you continue inexorable I can die; Obey I cannot.

[Going.]

Sir Tho. Stay; hear my final Resolution; if this Night you are not Sir Tristram's Bride, you are no longer my Daughter: You have two Hours to consider of it; if Persuasion will not do, Force shall,

[Exit Sir Tho.]

Enter Dawbwell.

Dawb. In Tears, fair Cousin? what is it makes you weep?

Buify. He that made the first of our Sex weep; the old-Serpent.

Dawb. Whom do you mean, Mrs. Buify?

Buify. Nay, there are two of them, my old Master, and Sir Tristram: They are both Mad, and are going to make my Lady so too.

Dawb. Mad! as how?

C 5.

Buify.

Buisy. Why would any one but a Madman throw away such a blooming pretty Creature as this, upon cold unactive Seventy? And if Sir *Tristram* were not as Mad as he, he would never at that Age take a Wife of Eighteen.

Dawb. I heard of this being design'd; but could never conceive Sir *Thomas* would hold in the same Mind.

Aur. This Night, this accursed Night, I am doom'd to perpetual Bondage and Wretchedness.

Dawb. I hope better Things: And now to undeceive you, I knew all this before. I came now from *Welford*, who by me begs you to be out of the Way this Night; and by to Morrow something will be done to make all Things well.

Aur. I'll to *Clarinda's* then.

Dawb. You will be search'd for there; for which Reason she absents her self too: She lies too Night at Mrs. *Scentall's*, the pretty Exchange-Woman; whither, if you will convey your self, unseen, you will give us Time and Opportunity to deceive the old Gentlemen.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, Sir *Tristram* is below, and with his Service, desires to know if he may have leave to present his Service before the Shrine of your Beauty: He charged me to use the very Words.

Aur. Coxcomb. What must I do now, Cousin? Had I not best slip down the other Way, and escape to Mrs. *Scentall's*?

Dawb. I believe 'twill be best to see him and receive him civilly; 'twill prevent Suspicion; as soon as he is gone, pursue the Directions I gave you.

Aur. I'll be rul'd by you, Admit Sir *Tristram*. [Exit Serv.

Dawb. [Aside.] I'll go and detain your Father awhile. [Exit.

Enter Sir Tristram.

Sir Trist. Fair Miracle of Beauty and Goodness, let me approach and kneel to thy Perfections.

Aur. [Aside.] Coxcomb— You honour me, Sir,

Sir Trist. My Design, and my Ambition, Madam, are to honour, and dignity, and distinguish you: You shall be my Saint, and I will be your Prostrate Adorer.

Aur. Have a care of Idolatry, Sir *Tristram*: I thought the Worshipping of Saints had been the greatest Abomination to Men of your profest Purity.

Sir Trist.

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Sir Trif. Such a Saint as you would make the World turn Idolaters.

Aur. [Aside.] If my sad Heart would permit, I could make my self merry with this old Fop. [To him] I am afraid, Sir, the Worship would be as false as the Religion: You would quickly find out the Goddess to be of your own making, and unmake her again, as soon as you had her in your Power.

Sir Trif. I would use you as the most zealous Catholick: does his Tutelear adopted Saint; my Petitions should chiefly be offer'd to you, Madam.

Aur. Rather, as some Heathen Priests have used their Oracles: I must be taught to move and speak, as you; unseen, direct, and you'll pay me a seeming Reverence in Publick; whilst in Private I am no more than a mere Utensil for Gain, scarce lookt upon; at best neglected.

Sir Trif. I profess I am amazed at your profound Wit: So young and yet so judicious? But, Madam, in plain Terms I love and honour you — You have touch'd an Heart that has felt no Emotions of this kind these Dozen Years.

Buify. [Aside.] Not these Forty, I dare answer for it.

Sir Trif. Indeed, Sweet, 'till I beheld you, I never did love.

Buify. Methinks, Sir, you begin o' the latest; if I may judge your Years by your Looks, your will scarce have learnt your Lesson, 'till you are past the Practice of it.

Sir Trif. My Years, Gentlewoman? I would have you to know I was but a Child at the Restoration.

Buify. Some Men are always so.

Sir Trif. I am about —— Let me see —— about Fifty Three: Is that a despicable Age, Mistress?

Aur. By no means; Fifty Three is a very good Age.

Sir Trif. I thank and admire you, Madam: You are Wise: Fifty three is a better, discreeter Age, for an Husband, than Three and Twenty.

Buify. Ay, if Husbands were to be chosen, like Pieces of Gold, by the Antiquity of their Face: But Old Men are rather like Old Half-Crowns, clipt of Half their Weight, and can never be current among us Women, unless we could recoin them.

Sir Trif.

Sir Trif. Well, Mrs. Nimble-tongue — I suppose when that old Money went, you might have been found statutable — Pardon me, Madam, your Servant's Rudeness provoked me — But as I was saying — My present Business is to make you an Offer of Marriage — You don't like high Flights I see — And I like you the better for it — And so I come directly to the Point.

Aur. You cannot express your self in too few Words, I assure you.

Sir Trif. Your Prudence deserves Commendation. I have your Father's Consent. May I hope for yours?

Aur. I was always taught to obey my Father.

Sir Trif. Heavenly Creature! You make me weep for Joy.

[Pulls out an Handkerchief, and drops a Paper, and Buijy takes it up.]

So good a Daughter must needs make a blessed Wife.

Aur. That's no Rule, Sir: Tho' I am mild and tractable under a Father's Disposal, I may prove very froward when I come to be at my own.

Sir Trif. Such Sweetness can never be so — [Aside.] I'll make her know tho', when I have her, she shall be at mine.

Buijy. [Reading the Note aside.] This was a lucky Chance.

Sir Trif. This Night then, I hope, will make us ever happy.

Aur. If I have any Power, let us stay one Day longer; I am not prepar'd yet.

Sir Trif. O my Love, small Preparation will serve my Turn, and at present Delays are dangerous.

Enter Sir Thomas.

Aur. One Night, Sir, can bring no Danger.

Sir Tho. What, are you wheedling, Mistress, for time to escape to your Beggarly Galant? I say it shall be Tonight: Come this Way, Son Tristram: A Word in private.

[They come forward.]

Buijy. Look here, Madam, what Sir Tristram has dropt? Here's a Discovery. [Gives her the Paper.]

Aur. [Locking in it.] How! Dawbwell a Villain? 'Tis well I went not to Scentall's. — There is more in this — What can I do now, Buijy?

Buijy.

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Buffy. By all means keep fair with him 'till you discover more: I'll watch him, and give notice to Mr. Welford of his Perfidy.

Aur. Do so; and —— but mum; we are observ'd.

Sir Tho. Do you hear, *Aurelia*, two Hours hence is the Time. Be sure you stir not, on my Blessing.

Aur. I shall not, Sir.

Sir Tho 'Tis a good Girl: Sir Trifram and I are going to Seal; and then, Wench — I say no more — Thou art provided for. [Exeunt Sir. Tho. and Sir Trift.

Aur. Provided for? Yes, as Executed Criminals are provided for: Nay, 'tis worse: They are out of Pain in this World; whilst my Torment for Life is just beginning — Go you to Clarinda, and hasten her to me; and let her send to her Brother to meet her here.

Tho' now with anxious Cares and Griefs oppress,
Yet Innocence, at last, will sure be blest. [Exeunt.

S C E N E changes to Clarinda's Lodgings.

Enter Clarinda, Friendly, Welford, and Plotwell.

Clar. You are a fine Contriver indeed: Is your infallible Design come to this?

Friend. Sot! Blockhead! To amuse us with great Expectations, and trifle away the Time on a Project so shallow and silly as the vilest Rhimer to *Punchinello* would be ashamed of.

Plot. Is it my Fault if the best laid Plot miscarry? I am sure mine was hopeful enough; and nothing but the Devil could have sent that Note in the nick of time to frustrate it.

Friend. When Fools miscarry of their Folly, they always lay the blame on the Devil, or the Fates; when their empty Contrivance is easily seen into, without a Conjurer.

Plot. I have a Thought may retrieve all yet.

Friend. We have much Reason to trust you again indeed — In the Name of Stupidity, What is it?

Plot. [To Welf.] I will counterfeit a Letter from your Father, to you, of his miraculous Escape: This, by some Means,

Means, I will bring to the Sight of Sir *Thomas*, which will put off the Wedding, and afford us room for further Thought.

Clar. This has something a better Face than the other.

Wel. You may try your Fortune once again: But I expect little from it.

Friend. Dear *Clarinda*, whilst we are thus intent upon forwarding your Brother's Love, my own stands still neglected.

Clar. I have said too much to give you the least Pain for your Success here: I hope you don't ask a farther Declaration.

Friend. Charming Creature: My Happiness is now confirm'd: But may I not have leave to hope I may suddenly complete it by making you mine?

Clar. When my Brother's Affairs are in a better Posture, I have no Objection.

Friend. I kiss your Hand upon it, and seal my Vows of everlasting Love.

Enter Buijy.

Buijy. Madam, my Lady with Impatience expects you: O Mr. *Welford*, you are a courageous Lover indeed to forsake your Mistress in Adversity: If her Faith in you had not been very well settled, this Absence would have stagger'd it.

Wel. My Neglect will excuse it self, that it has been to do her Service.

Buijy. Ay, we know you have been contriving: Has not *Plotwell* there been on some Design with Sir *Tristram* To-day.

Wel. He has: But I am amazed you shou'd know it.

Buijy. And you did not succeed Mr. *Engineer*, did you?

Plot. No: The Errant Devil prevented me: Nothing else could have done it.

Buijy. I have Conjur'd for that Devil, and here he is.

[Gives *Welford* a Paper.]

Wel. How's this — *Plotwell* — Deed — Hands — Artifice — but take no notice you had this Information from your Friend and Servant *Dawbwell* — Villain! Treacherous Dog; I'll have his Blood.

Clar.

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Clar. Dawbwell betray you to Sir Tristram? I am confounded.

Buify. There is more in the Wind: He has hinted at Love to my Lady: He has Designs deeper than are yet come to light.

Wel. I'll cut his Throat: A Monster of Ingratitude!

Plot. Patience, Sir. If you openly quarrel with Mr. Dawbwell, we but weaken our selves: You may call him to Account hereafter.

Clar. Plotwell is in the right: Give him no Cause to think you suspect him: He may be managed to your Advantage, and you may make him your Property, whilst he thinks you his.

Buify. I have engag'd to watch him, and will give you immediate notice of all I discover.

Wel. [Gives her Money.] This as a small Earnest of my Gratitude: Be diligent, and no Reward shall be too great for you.

Buify. [Aside.] Ten Pieces, as I love Flattery —— Sir, you shall have no Cause to doubt my Zeal to serve you.

Wel. Now, Sister, let us haste to *Aurilia*; We shall have your Company too, *Frank*? — Fortune smile upon me but in this one Affair, and I defy thy Frowns for ever.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE the Street before Sir Tristram's House..

Enter Mendwell in a plain Habit, and a Servant.

Mend. Knighted, say you?

Ser. Last Week he purchas'd that Honour.

Mend. And pray, where is Nephew Welford?

Ser. Discarded. My Master found him an heavy Rent-charge upon the Estate his Brother left him, and so turn'd him off.

Mend. Acquaint Sir Tristram, that a Person just return'd from Sea, has some important Business with him.

Ser. He is now at his Father-in-Law's, Sir Thomas Esterfides.

Mend. Is Sir Thomas his Father-in-law?

Ser. I believe by this time he is: They will be here at Supper. If you will walk in, you may speak with him then.

then: I am sure he won't stir for all the Crown'd Heads
in Europe, 'till 'tis over.

[Exit Servant.]

Mend. O brave Sir Trifram! You lay about you I'faith?

S C E N E Sir Thomas's House.

Enter Dawbwell and Mrs. Abigail. Buiy listens behind.

Dawb. And so, dear Cousin, I think I have paved an
easy Way to all your Wishes.

Abi. I confess I do very much affect Mr. Welford, and
could with much Consolation repose my self in his Em-
braces: But to marry a Man without his Knowledge and
against his Consent —— I doubt if it may be lawful.

Dawb. Nay, if you have precise Scruples, I have done:
I thought your Zeal had held any thing lawful that is for
your Profit or Pleasure.

Abi. Why truly, Cousin, I believe I may satisfy my Con-
science, if it may be effected sure and privily.

Dawb. It cannot miss, as I have contriv'd it. Follow
but the Instructions I gave you within, and I will get
Aurelia; and you *Welford*, whilst they think themselves
fairly pair'd to each other: A Thousand Pounds shall be
added to your Fortune, and *Welford's* Estate is recoverable
when you have Money to prosecute the Law.

Abi. Good, I profess: Well, if we succeed I'll even for-
sake the Godly; I have gone these twenty Years to Lecture
for an Husband, but the Saints are too crafty to deal upon
the Square; and I was too proud to descend below my
self, and now I must shift as well as I can.

Dawb. Retire to your Chamber 'till I send to you, and
besure stir not out of the Way: Things may be ripe sooner
than I expect.

Abi. I go full of Expectation.

[Exit.]

Dawb. [Solvus.] So, my Plot thickens apace; I shall get
to the end of my Comedy anon: I'll swear I wonder how
Men can be such Fools to be honest, when Roguery
thrives so well: Look where you will, 'tis that sways the
World.

*And prosp'rous Villany abounds with Store,
Whilst honest Man are shunn'd, despis'd and poor:*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE Another Room in the same House.

Enter Aurelia, Clarinda, Welford, Friendly, Buisy, and Plotwell.

Wel. To see you thus again, fairest *Aurelia*, is a Pleas-

ure that largely recompenses my former Pain:

Aur. With me it has a quite different Effect; a View of
what we love, is a Curse instead of a Blessing, when we
know that Sight must be our last.

Wel. Our last, *Aurelia*?

Aur. So my cruel Father has decreed; this Night, this
hateful Night; must sever us for ever.

Wel. Whilst these Arms can hold, and this good Sword
protect you, nothing shall ever sever us.

Friend. I have a Sword and Heart to engage in the
same Quarrel too.

Clar. So we are to be won by Dint of Chivalry, like
Lady in Romance: My Brother and Mr. *Friendly* look and
talk already like an Errant-Knight and Squire, going to
disenchant the distress'd Damsel.

Buisy. They must make haste then, or she'll be bound
in Chains, the Mettal of their Swords will never cut a-
sunder.

Wel. Sister, you make too light of my Misfortunes.

Clar. 'Tis to shew you the Folly of your desperate De-
sign; the Gods of Love and Wit are strict Allies: This is
no Age of Amorous Heroes: *Mars* and *Cupid* seldom, in
our Days, take the Field together.

Buisy. That's plain, Madam, the Case is widely alter'd
from what it was of old: Men take Arms now to lose or
leave their Mistresses, as they did before to win them.

Clar. We are not in a World, where Right and Wrong
are to be decided by Tilt and Tournament: We are under
Laws, Sir; the Monsters are all grown Humane and
Tamed: They destroy by Policy, and by that only can be
vanquish'd.

Wel.

Wel. I submit; I'll be guided by your better Reason.—
Oh *Aurelia!* I could gaze upon you ever; to behold you
this blest Minute, is a Cordial to my dying Hopes.

Aur. Such a Cordial as recalls the Spirits of Wretches
half Dead, to lengthen out their Torture, and make the
Sense of Death more Pungent.

Plot. If you have done, and have leisure from these high
Transports, to hear a little sober Reason, I have a Cordial
worth ten of it.

Wel. What can that be?

Plot. I have pursued the last Scent to the Purpose; and
can prove, upon undoubted Testimony, that your Father
is alive.

All. How.

Plot. Nay, not really alive; but as it were: He is dead
enough for you to have the Estate, Sir; and yet alive e-
nough to make Sir *Tristram* give up the Deed, and Sir *Tho-*
mas's Daughter, to you.

Clar. [Sighs.] I wish he were living in good Earnest.

Plot. That's beyond my Power, Madam; but if I can
persuade the old Knights he is; will not that do, as Mat-
ters stand at present?

Friend. Very well.

Plot. Why then, I have just parted with an old Mar-
iner, who was returning with him, and miraculously
escaped the Wreck.

Wel. What's that to the Purpose?

Plot. I had some Discourse with him; and he (smirken-
ing with my Person and Conversation) frankly of-
fers to swear that your Father is living, and will be in
Town in a Fortnight.

Friend. Some Agent of Sir *Tristram's* on my Life: And
so, Sirrah, out of your abundant Wisdom you discover'd
our whole Design to him?

Plot. No, indeed, Sir, —— I sifted him as dexterously
as a Lawyer does a Witness before a Trial.

Wel. And what do you propose to make of this?

Plot. Bless us! Make? Why, it breaks the Match to be
sure; and perhaps, with good Management, frights your
Uncle into a Confession of your Injury; or at least a good
Composition with you.

Wel. And you would have me build my Fortune on that Mercenary Fellow's Perjury?

Plot. Mercenary, Sir! he wou'd not take a Groat.

Wel. Cou'd I recover my Estate by that means, 'twou'd be a Villany equal to his, who detains it from me.

Plot. Consider Sir, your Love is at stake.

Wel. Were Life, Inheritance and Love, all to perish, I wou'd not redeem them, at the infamous Price, of becoming a Patron of False Witness.

Aur. Generous *We Ford*: I love this Virtue in you; I wou'd not, even with you, partake a Fortune purchas'd with Infamy and Falshood.

Plot. Your Servant: I see you will allow us but little room to work in. If Plotting were confined to go always Hand in Hand with Honesty and Honour, the Art of modern Policy might be written in the Compacts of an Hornbook.

Buify. Since Mr. *Matchiavel* there is Nonplus'd, I'll tell you what I have discover'd: As I returned from Madam *Clarinda*'s, I overheard Mr. *Dawbwell*, and Mrs. *Abigail*, in secret Consultation. I listned close at the Door, and there came out such a Mystery of Iniquity, as the Two Grand Intriguers, the Woman and the Serpent, (put together for Mischief) never hatcht before.

Aur. What cou'd he have to do with her?

Buify. Nothing at all, Madam: 'Tis Mr. *Welford* is to have to do with her: He wants to be doing with you.

Aur. Speak modestly and intelligibly.

Buify. You know, Madam, Mr. *Dawbwell* loves you: that is, your Fortune: And Mrs. *Abigail* I find loves Mr. *Welford*; that is, his Youth, and the hopes of recovering his: And so *Dawbwell* has undertaken to make her pass upon him for you, and put himself upon you in his stead.

Clar. How can he imagine this may be done?

Buify. He knows my Lady must be married to Night, and he supposes she will easily be prevail'd upon to secure the young Husband, before she be forced to take the Old one. Upon this Presumption, and the Confidence he imagines we all have in him, he forms this Plot to deceive us all.

Wel. Execrable Villain! His Blood shall answer for it.

Aur.

Aur. I give you Joy Mr. *Wolford*, of your destin'd Bride : You'll be mighty happy : Old Maids cling like Ivy ; they are wondrous Loving.

Wel. I am glad you can be so merry, Madam.

Aur. Why, after all, my Aunt will be much more tractable than I shall : She has bid adieu to the Follies of the World, and will make a staid, saving Housewife. She detests the Vanities we call Pleasures.

Friend. I am of the Opinion, that false Zeal, and hypocritical Sanctity in a Woman, are more expensive, than the dearest bought Pleasures can be.

Clar. I cannot see the Reason of that.

Friend. O yes : A staunch She Zealot will outwaste Belief; and were it in her Power, privately give more to her Precise Instructions, than the Lavish *Cleopatra*, in Luxury of Love, quaff off to her wanton Galant.

Aur. *Buisy*, watch my Father's Return. [Exit *Buisy*.

Clar. Methinks some Advantage might be made of this.

Wel. If dearest *Aurelia* wou'd consent to crown my Happiness before her Father returns, we might disappoint all their Contrivances.

Plot. Pray Madam, hear me once more, marry Mr. *Wolford* immediately, and then cheerfully comply with your Father's Commands; and if with good Management we do not make Sir *Tributus* give you up before Bed-time, and the controverted Estate into the Bargain, I'll renounce my Function of Plotting for Gentlemen, and turn Valet for Life, to a hungry Poer, or disbanded Officer.

Wel. If *Aurelia* wou'd consent to this. [A Pause.]

Aur. I dare consent to any thing for you : But what will you do with *Dawbwell*?

Plot. Turn the Tables upon him, and catch him in his own Trap.

Clar. If thou canst do this, thou wilt deserve a Statue.

Plot. Fear nothing, none are so easy to be deceived, as those that study to deceive others; they are so wholly taken up with laying Snares for them, that they never mind what is placed for themselves. Away and dispatch, and we will consult the rest within.

Aur. 'Tis a desperate Undertaking; Misery and Ruin attend.

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attend the Disappointment; yet my Love to you, Mr. Welford, teaches me Resolution to go through with it.

Wel. Dearest *Aurelia*, Words cannot express my Love and Gratitude.

Plot. Lose no Time; get a Priest into the Dining-Room, and do your Parts, whilst I find *Dawbwell*, and do mine.

Re-enter *Buisy*.

Buisy. Madam, Mr. *Dawbwell* is in the Hall, and inquires for you; I believe he is coming this way: And the Curate of *Panbridge* is in a Heat for Sir *Tristram*: He has waited, he says, Two Hours at his House, and has now follow'd him hither. He has more Couples to dispatch to Night, and will not wait any longer.

Friend. In a lucky Time he is come. Shew him into the Dining-Room. [Exit *Buisy*] —— And now *Clarinda*, I hope I may claim your Promise: Your Brother's Affairs are in a very hopeful Posture.

Clar. [Gives her Hand.] If you dare venture, take it, and my Heart for ever.

Friend. You have long had mine a Pledge for its good Usage.

Plot. *Dawbwell* is coming up. Down the back Stairs. Away. [Exeunt Wel. Friend. Aur. and Clar. *Manet* Plot.

Enter *Dawbwell*, behind *Plotwell*, who speaks as to himself, and as not seeing him.

Plot. This 'tis to serve a Beggar now: Had I done half so much for another, I had been a Rich Man by this time.

Dawb. [Aside.] How's this?

Plot. 'Tis a Discouragement to Industry, to meet with no Reward: One Piece in Hand, and a scanty Promise of Ten more? A Bawd's Fee is better.—'Tis well for him, that no Body outbids him.—I think I cou'd not resist the Temptation.

Dawb. [Aside.] Ha! This may be a Lucky Time for me.

Plot. If my Observations have not deceiv'd me, there's Honest Mr. *Dawbwell* has a good Inclination to her.—I wish he had her.—Poor Lady!—I am almost grieved I shall have any Hand in matching her to the Spend-thrift *Welford*—He will make her a cursed Husband.

Dawb. [Aside.] He is provoked as I could wish: I wanted such a secret Fellow to ripen my Projections for me.

Plot,

Plot. 'Tis in my Power still: If an Honest Gentleman, and a Purse of Gold, shou'd meet me now, I cou'd sell him a blooming Beauty, and a swinging Fortune, at a cheap Rate.

Dawb. [Comes forward.] What, Pensive, honest *Plotwell*? Come, I over-heard part of your good Soliloquy.

Plot. [Starting.] I beg your Pardon, Sir, I did not know any one was near.

Dawb. [Pulls out a Purse.] Will this, and Five Hundred Pieces when 'tis done, engage you to help me to *Aurelia*?

Plot. Defend me, Sir, I hope you don't think 'tis in my Power, or my Nature, to do such an Act.

Dawb. Nay, no dissembling; I heard all:— Your good Opinion of me, is not abated by this Purse of Gold, I hope.

Plot. Sir, I always had a great Veneration for you: And if I cou'd in Conscience do it—I wou'd—Take your Mony.

Dawb. Here 'tis: 'Tis right: Fifty Pieces, upon my Word. And the other Moiety of Five Hundred shall be forth coming as soon as the Busines is over: I will give you my Bond, if you distrust me.

Plot. [Taking the Purse.] Oh dear Sir, your Word and Honour are Security enough. And now what must I do for this?

Dawb. Get me married to *Aurelia* in *Welford's* stead.

Plot. I'll do it immediately: Do you retire into the Green Parlour, at the end of the Hall, and stand close; she will be there in Five Minutes, with a Priest, expecting *Welford*.

Dawb. Admirable! My own Design: But d'you hear: I made a foolish Promise to my Cousin *Abigail*, to help her to an Husband: Cou'd not you contrive to join her and *Welford* toge her? Two Hundred Pieces more are yours, if you will effect it.

Plot. Readily Sir; 'twill be a Friendship to him, to provide so well for him. I wait for him here.— When he comes, I'll send him into the little Drawing Room, at the end of the Gallery, as by *Aurelia's* Appointment. I'll tell him she has chang'd the Place, that being the more Private, and then when she and you are sped, I'll carry the Priest, and dispatch them too.

Dawb.

Dawb. Thou Oracle of Wisdom, and Prince of Policy, let me embrace thee.—I will go and acquaint my Cousin *Abigail* with the Place.

Plot. By no means: You will over-stay your Time, and miss *Aurelia*: Be gone instantly, and take your Post; I will fetch her to you in a Minute.

Dawb. I fly.—Haste thou good Angel. [Exit.

Plot. Now for the Lady—As I live, here she comes.

Enter Mrs Abigail.

This Hour, Fortune favours Diligence and Virtue.

Abi. Saw you Mr. Dawbwell, Sir?

Plot. Madam, he is this Minute gone out about an Affair of the greatest Importance. He left me here to deliver a Message to a Lady of the House, Sister to Sir *Thomas*.

Abi. I am she.

Plot. Has Sir *Thomas* any other Sister?

Abi. None.

Plot. Then my Business is with you: In the Green Parlour, at the end of the Hall, Mr. Welford is waiting for Madam *Aurelia*—I know all your Wishes—If you please to go thither in her stead, a low Voice may easily make you pass for her: You know what I mean?

Abi. Verily, yes—But is the Holy Man ready?

Plot. In the House; I will conduct him to you presently.

Abi. My Cousin left her Morning Gown in my Chamber to Day; suppose I put it on, to make my self the more like her?

Plot. By all means:—Retire to your Chamber; I'll wait on you there, to lead you to your Desires.

Abi. I go with Pleasure.

Plot. So! By this, I hope, the other are fast: Now, to tye this Knot, and the Foundation will be well laid.

Re-enter Dawbwell.

Dawb. Oh Plotwell! We are all undone: I was detained by an impertinent Visitant.—Curse on him—And going just now to the Place you appointed, I found the Door lockt.

Plot. 'Twas a strange Folly in you to delay at such a Time as this; but we will retrieve all.

Dawb. I fear 'tis past Remedy: I listen'd at the Door, and heard a muttering of 3 or 4 several Voices. Welford has certainly been beforehand with us.

Plot.

Plot. Impossible; he has not been here yet. Come, I'll undeceive you; the Knights are return'd, with a Lawyer and a Priest, and gone into that very Room to consult.

Dawb. I am sure I heard a Woman's Voice,

Plot. *Buify,* I suppose, under Examination, what has been done since they went abroad.

Dawb. It may be so.

Plot. It must be so. *Aurelia* has been here, and made Choice of that very Room I had design'd for *Welford*, and *Mrs. Abigail*.

Dawb. Will not that alter our Measures?

Plot. Not at all; he knows nothing of it yet: Go you thither, and I'll fetch her and the Priest.

Dawb. Where is she?

Plot. Gone to slip on her Gown: Make no stay, I will be with you in a Minute.

Dawb. I am gone. [Exit.

Plot. How near was all unravell'd? They have certainly made use of the Parlour instead of the Dining-Room: What a parcel of Lyes have I been forced to tell to set all Right again!

Enter Welford leading Aurelia, Friendly leading Clarinda, Buify following.

Wel. To have you mine, tho' but this Moment, puts Fortune out of my Debt, for all the Injuries she has done me.

Friend. And to call *Clarinda* mine is a Blessing, this World has not such another to bestow.

Aur. Spare your Ecstasies 'till all be as happily ended as this; we have no time for Transport now.

Clar. We may allow them a little Rapture; it never lasts long upon these Occasions.

Plot. All Joy—away now every one, and take your Instructions of Madam *Clarinda*.

Wel. Part so soon? no Time allow'd to take a tender Leave?

Plot. You will have Time enough for Amorous Dalliance hereafter. One Moment's stay ruins all.—I must to the longing Lady to conduct her to the imagined Bower of Bliss.

Friend. Come away then.

And may kind Heaven never cease to bless

Our Loves with Joy, our Fortune with Success. [Exeunt omnes.

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SCENE continues.

Enter Sir Thomas. Servant waiting.

Sir Tho. This Rumour of old Welford's being alive strangely staggers me: The Vessel was wreck'd, that's certain— And all Accounts agree, that not one Soul was sav'd.— Yet Merchant Barter, who knew him perfectly well, is positive he met him just now in some strange Disguise.— I'll be farther inform'd before I dispose of *Aurelia*.— I am resolved to know the Bottom of it.— Find out Mr. Welford (*To the Servant*) and let him know I have some Matter to communicate to him of the utmost Concern.— (Exit Servant) — I'll sound him warily; if he be the Heir, and loves her still, *Aurelia* will be glad of the Exchange; if not, I can come about to old *Tristram* again.

Enter Sir Tristram gaily dress'd.

Sir Trist. Come, Dad; I have been at Home and ordered Supper:— Where is my lovely Bride? where is *Aurelia*, ha? in longing Expectation I warrant, as an hungry Sinner of the Conclusion of a two Hours Sermon.

Sir Tho. Excuse me, Sir *Tristram*, no Wedding To-night:

Sir Trist. How! what! no Wedding To-night? What Freak now, old Boy?

Sir Tho. I say, *Aurelia* shall not be married To-night.

Sir Trist. Leave fooling, Dad; these boyish Jests don't become your Years and Gravity.

Sir Tho. I am serious, I assure you.

Sir Trist. Serious! why you are mad—Defend us, how he stares and muses: I hope you have seen no Apparition, Father?

Sir Tho. Yes, something has appeared to my Conscience, and told me that I can't honestly match my Daughter to you.

Sir Trist. To me! why not to me?

Sir Tho. 'Tis hard and rigorous to force her Affections; 'tis too much to force her Conscience to marry a Puritan.

Sir Trist. Here's a conscientious Rogue for you—What, the old Story of Religion over again? I thought you had been satisfy'd in that Scruple: You lik'd it well enough To-day,—Have we not sign'd and seal'd, ha?

Sir Tho. I never lik'd it.— I had not consider'd it then; —You may be a Cheat in that, and every thing else, for ought I know.

Sir Trist. A Cheat! I defy thee, thou Imp of Darkness: I am too good to mix with thy treacherous Blood; thou bare-fac'd Hypocrite. [Going.] D Sir

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Sir Tho. Stay—(Aside) I must not provoke him too far: If the other Story proves a farr, 'tis fit I secure the Estate for my Child.—(To him) Your Pardon, Sir Tristram—I am a little disorder'd:— I like you, and your Persuasion very well.— But are you sure your Brother is really dead?

Sir Trist. He is crazed, that's certain.— What makes you doubt it, Sir?

Sir Tho. 'Tis fit I should have no Grounds to do so, before I tie the indissoluble Knot.

Sir Trist. Too much Caution, and too little Honesty, usually go together; and now you'll pardon me in my Turn:— But, as good Luck has ordain'd it, I can cure your suspicious Humour; I hear there is a Seaman at my House, who saw my Brother Welford cast away; I have not seen him yet:— I'll send for him.

Sir Tho. Do so, and if he can clear my Doubts, I'll ask your Pardon. [Exit Sir Tristram.] I care not a Farthing if my Daughter married a Jew, so he were but rich; but a poor Rogue is far more contemptible than a poor honest Man.

Enter Welford.

Mr. Welford, your Servant; you have been a Stranger here of late: Some Distaste has kept you from frequenting my House, as usual.

Wel. I have had much Reason to think my self unwelcome here.

Sir Tho. What? my Girl has frown'd upon you, perhaps: I thought you had been too experienc'd a Lover, to mistake the modest Coyness of a Virgin for a Repulse.

Wel. I do not understand your Drift, Sir Thomas: I have been injured already above common Sufferance; you'll not find me tame enough to be made your Sport, your Triumph:

Sir Tho. Injured?

Wel. Yes, basely injured: That gloomy downcast Look, the sure Betrayer of a guilty Mind, declares me such.

Sir Tho. Look back on your forsaken Love, and broken Vows, and then see who is the Injurer.

Wel. 'Tis false as Hell: I love *Aurelia* with a Martyr's Constancy. Don't provoke me to forget you are her Father.

Sir Tho. S'Death, he'll beat me — I am afraid we are both under a mistake, Mr. Welford, pray be cool, and tell me, are not your Affections chang'd? Do you love as sincerely as ever? Could you be content to marry my *Aurelia*?

Wel.

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Wel. By all I hold good, I had rather be hers this Minute, than possess'd of all the infinite Treasure the Earth and Sea conceal.

Sir Tho. Only one Thing more, 'Tis noised abroad your Father is alive; you must know the Truth of it. If your Designs are honourable, you will not make it a Secret to me.

Wel. I am not so happy as to rejoice in a Father's Life; if I were, I could have no Ends in concealing it.—But to what tends all this? Will you be just at last, and make *Aurelia* mine?

Sir Tho. I profess, Mr. *Wolford*, I have a great Esteem for you: I don't know another Man I would so willingly choose for a Son-in-law— But you know we don't live in a World now where single Merit will recommend a Man; and the hottest Love will not keep the Body from being pinch'd, where there is nothing else to warm it.

Wel. You are sufficiently able to set us above Want or Contempt, Sir.

Sir Tho. True, I am so: And I further confess my self to have a just Sense of your Worth: — I believe your Desert is truly great. But I cannot see that it so much over-weighs my Daughter's, as to oblige me to throw my Estate into her Scale, to make the Balance.

Wel. Furies, Sir! Am I your Mirth?

Sir Tho. Be temperate. Have you any Prospect of retrieving your Inheritance? — I would do you Justice— Get your Estate; and then—

Wel. Time, and the Equity of Law, will do me Right.

Sir Tho. And that is all your Hopes?

Wel. My ill Fortune affords me no better at present.

Sir Tho. Come, I'll give you good Advice: You are e'en too young for a Wife: — Study the Law; it may help you to regain that you seek for— I would have counseled you to the Sword; but the War is at an End, and the other will be a better Trade— People will quarrel enough in the most peaceable Times, for an industrious young Fellow to get a Livelihood.

Wel. Confusion! Droll'd upon? My Misfortunes made a Jeft? What hinders me now from cutting this false Villain's Throat, and making my own Way to Happiness?

Enter *Sir Tristram*, and *Mendwell* as a Sailor.

Sir Trist. Where's this Sceptick? Where's this great Unbeliever?

liever? Here's a sovereign Cure for a scrupulous Usurer:
 [sees Welford] How's this? What brings you here, Sirrah?
 How dare you shew your hated Face in my Presence?

Wel. Have my Wrongs transform'd me into a Monster
 you are afraid to look on? Or does your own Guilt make
 you tremble to behold the Man you have injur'd?

Sir Trist. Get you gone, you shameless Upbraider: Father,
 call the Footmen to turn this Fellow out of Doors.

Wel. You are under Protection now: But avoid me for
 the future. You have taught me, by your own Example,
 to put off all the Ties of Blood. [Exit Welf.

Sir Trist. The vile Reprobate, how he threatens! But
 to the Busines. Here, you jealous Infidel, here is an Eye-
 witness of my Brother's Loss.

Sir Tho. Were you returning homeward-bound with
 Mr. Welford, Friend?

Mend. I was.

Sir Tho. What became of him?

Mend. Are you Father to the young Gentlewoman that
 is Master's Mate here?

Sir Tho. I am. What of that?

Mend. Have they grappled together? —

Sir Tho. What's that?

Mend. Has he clapt her under Hatches? Have they swung
 in a Hamock together?

Sir Tho. What is that to you, Sirrah?

Mend. I am a Tar, blunt and honest by my Calling: If
 you won't answer my Question, I won't anfwer yours.

Sir Trist. Ha, ha, he; a pleasant Fellow: You want to
 know if this Knight's Daughter and I are married, humph?

Mend. I do.

Sir Trist. We are, Man — Satisfy him, Dad — we are —

Mend. How long since?

Sir Trist. O, a great while; two Hours ago, very near.

Mend. How say you, Sir; is it true?

Sir Tho. 'Tis very true. Now say what you know of
 old Welford's Death.

Mend. Death? I'm sure he's drown'd.

Sir Tho. How do you know that?

Mend. I saw the last of him. I got off upon a lucky
 Plank, and was taken up by a Cruizer. — Poor Mr.
 welford, just as we split, gave me a Paper here to deliver

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to Mr. Gettall; says he, Mendwell, you swim like a Herring: If you get off, deliver this to him. He was the goodliest Master alive.

Sir Trist. Let me see it.

[Takes the Paper.]

Sir Tho. Report says, None were saved.

Mend. None but my self.

Sir Trist. Look, here's Evidence: *An Account of the Effects of, and Debts due to Anthony Welford, Merchant — Honest Tar, thou art the honestest Fellow of thy Element.*

Mend. I mean to go aboard again as soon as I light on any outward-bound Vessel. In the mean time, Master, a little something to buy Pork and Bisket, and toss off a Cann to your Health.

Sir Trist. My House is yours whilst you stay: Go, and inquire for *Nehemiah*, and tell him my Order is he should take care of you.

Mend. Bless you, noble Master.

[Exit.]

Sir Trist. And now, Sir Cautious, what have you to say? No Wedding to-night? *Aurelia* must not be married to-night, must she? I have a good mind to leave you in the Lurch now.

Sir Tho. Your Pardon: I'm convinc'd: We'll dispach as soon as you please.

Sir Trist. Immediately let it be, Supper will wait else. I am for short Work: A quick Wedding, a thrifty Supper, a short Chat, and to Bed; and I'll bid fair to make thee Grandfather before Morning.

Sir Tho. 'Tis well if your Mettle hold 'till then. I'll call the Bride.

[Exeunt ambo.]

Enter *Aurelia* and *Buify*.

Buify. Your Ladyship looks sad, Madam.

Aur. How can I look otherwise, Girl, when I think that all my future Happiness depends upon this Night's Success?

Buify. I vow, Madam, were I in your Place, it would give an additional Relish to my Joys, to have them contrived by such pleasant Means: Your Plot will prove a most diverting Masque and Entertainment at your own Wedding.

Aur. I wish it don't end in a Tragedy at last.

Sir Tho. [within.] *Aurelia!* Where are you, Child?

Buify. Your Father's coming: For Heav'n's sake wear a more cheerful Look; he'll suspect something else.

Aur. And too gay a one Will be over-acting my Part; so sudden a Change will give greater grounds of Suspicion.

Enter Sir Thomas.

Sir Tho. Come, Child, are you ready? The Bridegroom grows impatient.

Aur. Methinks, Sir, with Submission, you too much hasten the Ceremony. You will not allow my Heart time to change in Favour of your Choice.

Sir Tho. Not a Farthing Matter for your Heart, I want nothing but your Tongue and your Hand.

Aur. If I cannot marry the Man I love, I would learn to love the Man I marry.

Sir Tho. Pho! Love? That's a Story indeed: 'Tis quite out of Fashion. Come, no Flaws, no Excuses: If Persuasion won't do, Force shall.

Aur. You shall need none, Sir. Be your Commands never so harsh, I was always taught Obedience.

Sir Tho. My best *Aurelia*: this Goodness wins my Heart. I'll do any thing for thee — any thing but break this Match.

Enter Sir Tristram in a Rage.

Sir Trist. A confounded deceitful Dog! Oh the abominable Falshood of these Black-Coats: I never had any thing to do with them before, and now I am cozen'd and cheated.

Sir Tho. What's the matter, Son?

Sir Trist. I gave the Hypocrite two Guineas to wait but two Hours, as a retaining Fee, and the holy Cormorant thought much to fling in the other Quarter.

Aur. What is it disorders you so, Sir?

Sir Trist. Fairest Mistress, my beloved Bride: The wicked Priest, who was to have join'd our Hands, is run away, because I only outstaid the Appointment one Quarter of an Hour.

Sir Tho. I will send for another instantly.

Baisy. Madam, if my Master and the Bridegroom please, you need not lose so much time as to hunt for one. You may borrow my old Lady Coupler's Chaplain: She keeps one always at Home on purpose for these Uses, and finds him almost constant Employment by Matches of her own making.

Sir Tho. Well thought of, by Hymen; send a Footman for him presently.

[Exit *Baisy*.]

Sir Trist. And now, dearest *Aurelia*, can you love an old Man?

Aur.

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Sir. 'Tis a little odd, Sir, you never ask'd that Question 'till the Minute I am going to marry one. But I'll do my Endeavour.

Sir Trist. Kindly said — I am now a greater happier Man than Tamerlane was — Your Hand, sweet Spouse — And, as one of those Heathen Rogues the Poets says, (*the Rascals have Wit sometimes*)

*We'll Wed and we'll Bed ;
We'll to Church, and be sped.*

And when all is done, there's no more to be said.

Sir Tho. Aha! Brave Sir Tristram —— Here's Mettle, Girl — But have a care tho' Son, another of these rascally Poets Wit don't hit your Case nearer: 'Twas made upon an old Man's Marriage.

*He Wed and he Bed :
He Laught and lay down :
He Slept while she Wept ;
But no more cou'd be done.*

[Exeunt.]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

S C E N E Clarinda's Apartment.

Enter Friendly, Clarinda, and Welford.

Friend. AND so between the two old Knights thou hast been finely worry'd, Ned?

Well. To have been made the Scorn of Porters, and Jeft of the Mob, had been a Pleasure to the Insults I endur'd from them.

Clar. When old Men think they have out-witted young ones, we must allow them to triumph a little: 'Tis the greatest Pleasure they are capable of: The next Turn is yours, Brother.

Wel. My cooler Reflexion recalls an Observation which my Paffion had forgot: Sir Thomas inquir'd, with some Concern, of the Truth of a Report he had heard of my Father's being living; and, 'till I affirm'd the contrary, was soft and kind as yielding Virgin.

Friend. That Report is none of his raising. I can assure you: 'Tis in many Mens Mouths, That he, or his Likeness, has been seen several times since Noon, to-day.

D 4.

Wel.

Wel. Avert it Heav'n, that his venerable Shade should be disturbed.

Friend. I have no Faith in Shades, and less in his being alive — But it wou'd forward, to the Purpose, our Design upon Sir *Trifram*, cou'd he be brought to believe it —

Clar. You call my Shame before me, Mr. *Friendly*; the World must accuse me of Levity, if not Impiety, to light my Marriage Torch at my Father's Funeral Pile.

Friend. Not at all, *Clarinda*: The only way to do Justice to your Father's Memory, is to do it to his Survivors, your Brother and your self.

Wel. Heav'n knows, had I the World, I wou'd give it to recall his Life: But to mourn in defenceless Grief, when impending Ruin calls for Vigour and Activity, is not Piety to the Dead, but Cruelty to the Living.

Friend. Right. To bewail another, so as to neglect our selves, is either a Slavery to Custom, or a Weakness of Nature, or an Hypocrify fit only for buxom young Widows, whose Tears over their Dead Husbands Graves are dropt for Baits to catch living ones.

Clar. I find you have a good Opinion of our Sex's Sincerity.

Friend. As good as you can have of the bravest and worthiest of ours. — I believe many of you to be constant, generous, disinterested, when single; faithful, tender, and obliging when married; but when Widows, another Spirit enters into you.

Clar. What Spirit? in the name of Scandal.

Friend. The Spirit of Cunning, Deceit, and Interest; of Intrigue, Artifice, and Policy: All Desire, and no Love.

Clar. The Widows are oblig'd to you for their Character. But do you think a Lady Relict cannot love?

Friend. No: Love is a teeming Desire of something we have not; and that once satisfy'd, we may hunger again, but not long.

Wel. Yes; if we are again in a longing Condition.

Friend. But Love is an only Child: We can conceive, and bring it forth but once. There may be After-Qualms of Lust, but they always prove abortive, and never can ripen into noble Purposes, or be made to produce real Happiness.

Wel. Few of the Galants will subscribe to your Creed.

Friend.

Friend. No matter: I affirm it, against receiv'd Opinion: That virtuous Love is a Flower nourish'd from its own kindly Root, and must flourish, tho' Time shou'd fade the Beauty, 'till Death crops the Stalk: Whilst the other, like an artificial one, may retain the Colour and deceive the Sight, but must always want the Sweetness.

Enter Plotwell.

Clar. Cease the Argument, our grand Engineer is come.

Friend. All is secure, I hope.

Plot. All; you must hasten, the old Fellow will bed her in good Earnest else. I have laid a Train to get *Dawbwell* out of the Way too. Well, I'm persuaded that will be an happy Couple.

Friend. Why so?

Plot. Because neither of them love any thing but themselves.

Clar. Will that make them happy?

Plot. O yes; when they are one, that Love must of course be double.

Clar. A pleasant Fellow. Come, Mr. *Friendly*, we are too tedious.

Plot. In, in, and dress; 'tis time we had begun, you let the Knight be easy too long he won't be divorced at this rate. 'Tis Pity he has not a Bride that wou'd fork him in good Earnest — But a Cuckold in Jeft will do our Business as well.

For he no greater Plague does undergo,

Who really is, than he who thinks he's so.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E changes to Sir Tristram's House.

Enter Sir Tristram, Aurelia, and Sir Thomas, as from Supper.

Sir Trist. A short and wholsom Repast, that will strengthen Nature and not overcharge her, is my way of living, Father.

Sir Tho. 'Tis best: Health and Frugality are Friends.

Sir Trist. Luxury enervates. What makes half the Spindle-shank'd young Fellows of the Town feeble and impotent before the Age of Manhood, but Intemperance and Excess? What says my dearest *Aurelia*? Does she like my Manner of Life?

Aur. I must always like what you do, Sir.

Sir Trist. Excellent Creature! Were all young Women like

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like you, found Wisdom and Experience wou'd be valu'd by your Sex, and Vanity and Foppery fall under the Contempt it deserves.

Sir Tho. Amongst the rest of your good Husbandry, Son; I suppose early Hours at Bed-time are not forgot; I don't love to break good Customs, and shall now take my Leave.

Sir Trif. I ever used Night and Day as they were meant to be used; but never had, before, so inviting a Cause to retire as this happy Night affords me.

Sir Tho. A good Repose to the Bridegroom and the Bride; my Blessing attend you both. [Exit Sir Tho.]

Sir Trif. Your Servant — and now my charming Wife, welcome to my Arms. [Offers to embrace her.]

Aur. Stand off, Sir, and know your distance: Do you think I was made to be ruffled like a Farmer's Daughter on an Holiday?

Sir Trif. How? — O 'tis her Modesty! — Come, Fairest, to Bed, my Maid waits to undress you, the less Ceremony the more Love you know.

Aur. You may be gone as soon as you will, 'tis not my Hour yet; I intend to be merry on my Wedding-Night. You may shut your Door and to sleep, I shan't disturb you.

Sir Trif. What not lie with me?

Aur. Lie with you? What to do? To reach your Urinal, and stroke up your wither'd Ears under your Flannel Night-Cap? Or perhaps at every Return of your Cough, which comes as duly as the Bell-man, rear up your helpless Trunk, and prop your Shoulders with Pillows, to prevent your being suffocated.

Sir Trif. Blest us, I had like to have sworn: What do you mean, Aurelia? Prithee leave fooling, Sweet; these Jests are uneasy to me.

Aur. Do you think me to be in Jest, Dotard? Then to have your half-animated Clay lie cold by my Side, gasping and groaning, thro' Phthisick and Pain, the Fruits of old Aches and young Iniquity; always dying, and yet no Hope of burying you. Do you think my Youth and Beauty fit for such an Hospital?

Sir Trif. Lightning and Thunder! What can be the end of this? I say, since my Love is despis'd, henceforward know me for your Lord.

Aur.

Aur. I do: That's an old Fellow with a Title, fit only to make me a Lady. I am amazed at your unparallel'd Impudence, to ask me for a Bed-fellow. What! To see you half dissolv'd in Rheum by the Morning; my Bed ready to float in your disgorged Intrails, and my Floor stain'd with noisom Drivel, worse than a Country Squire's Smoking Room, or a Porter's Ale-house.—Fogh—[Spits.]
Sir Trif. Very fine—But hark ye—You Mrs.—Lady—Devil—Did not you marry me? Answer me that.

Aur. I did: what then?

Sir Trif. And are not you bound to partake with me Bed and Board, and every thing else?

Aur. No, I never promis'd any such thing—Bound Quotha? The old Fool thinks a Woman that's married, to be no other than an Apprentice.

Sir Trif. Consummate Impudence! Pray now you are married, as you say, how do you design to dispose of yourself? Humph: Come, speak Truth; you don't seem inclin'd to flatter me at all.

Aur. As a young Lady, that is wed to an old Husband, ought to do: I'll have my Coaches, Liveries, fine Clothes, Jewels, Equipage, rich Furniture, Visitants of both Sexes, separate Bed, Table, and Servants; and a warm Galane or two to supply your cold Defects into the Bargain: And all this your Wealth shall supply, Sir.

Sir Trif. Oons! Blefs me. Patience! Popery! Persecution! And the Whore of Babylon! What a Bill of Fare is here? Plague of her long Wind.—Coaches, Jewels, Clothes, Furniture, Equipage, Whore-Masters, and the Devil into the Bargain.—Oh, my Sins, my Sins! What did I marry for?

Aur. To maintain a fine young Wife for other Men, and spend an Estate you can never get an Heir to. I'll send for an Upholsterer presently.—Some one [Goes to the Door.] call Mr. Furnish hicher immediately: I'll beat down your old-fashion'd Camblet Beds, and your painted Leather, and Kedermminster Hangings; they stink of Antiquity; and were out of fashion when you were christened.

Sir Trif. Whew! What a Fiend Incarnate have I gotten! Oh, my Mony, my Head, my Head, my Mony!

Aur. Let Mr. Broade and Mr. Whalebone be sent for, for Gowns and Stays; and Mrs. Spider, Mrs. Lappet, and Mrs. Tyzeell, for Lace, Knots, and fine Linen. I must be fag, the Ga-

lante.

lans will think I am match'd to a broken Tradesman else.

Sir Trif. Strumpet! profuse, vile, audacious Strumpet! Oh, I'm in a Flame.

Aur. You may walk here, and in the next Room, and cool your self: Or to Bed, and dream of a Bride to nurse you; you have no other Occasion for one. Know these for your Bounds; if you stir beyond them, I have Friends within Call to chastise your Presumption. I'll to your Counting-House, and see what there is to support my Pleasures.

[Exit.]

Sir Trif. Soh! I am married with a Witness: Lust, Prodigality, Pride, and eternal Talkativeness put together, make up the Ingredients of which my Bride is composed. But I'll be rid of her— I have not consummated yet— Here, who waits?—

Enter Servant.

Run to Sir Thomas Eitherside, and desire him to return hither immediately. [Exit Servant.] This Night which began my projected Happiness and real Plague, shall put an End to both.

Enter Plotwell in Woman's Clothes, with a Child in his Arms.
— Ha! Who are you?

Plot. A poor old Nurse, Sir.— Is this the House where Mrs. Aurelia Eitherside is married to a rich old Merchant?

Sir Trif. What have you to say to her, Beldam?

Plot. I would speak with my Mistress, an't please you.

Sir Trif. Mistress? How long has my Wife—Fury— been your Mistress, Hag?

Plot. Ever since this poor Babe was first wrapt in Swaddling Cloths: Ee' 'tis a precious Baby; Aha! — Then you are Mistress's Husband belike, Sir?

Sir Trif. Would the great Turk had her, so I had not.

Plot. Well, since it must out, better at first, whilst Love's warm, as they say, than afterwards to make a Broiling, as they say.

Sir Trif. Out? what must out?

Plot. Indeed I swaddled it, and nursed it: I am sure I wrapt it hard in my Apron, 'till the precious Infant was near ee smother'd, to keep it from telling Tales; and see how Fortune orders it, Mistress has got a rich Husband, and Truth comes to light at last. He, he.

Sir Trif. Hell! Is that Brat the Product of my Wife's Lust? Devil! ha!

Plot.

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Plot. Pray your Worship, don't let your Worship be angry; I am sure I took an honest Care of it. It should never have troubled your Worship, but Beau Pink swears he'll have no more to do with it now she's sped; and a poor honest Woman, that lives by her Industry, in a fair Way, must not lose her Wages, you know.

Sir Trif. Pink! The infamous Strumpet! descend to that batter'd Lewdness! The Summer Pear, with a fair Rind and Rotten Core, is found to him.

Plot. Pray your Honour help me to the Speech of your good Lady: If I shall be paid, I'll nourish it still; if not, I must leave it with her to take care of.

Sir Trif. Hag! infernal Hag! thou Bawd to Lust, and cursed Instrument of Fornication; begone with that Fruit of Pox and Letchery, Out of my Doors, Hussy. [Kicks her.]

Plot. Murder! help! Oh my Hips! Oh my Dilling! Have you no Bowels? Destroy an harmless old Woman and an innocent Lamb here?

Enter Aurelia.

Aur. What means this Uproar?

Sir Trif. O, are you come, you Whore of Babylon? Here is one of your Bantlings come home to you.

Aur. Peace, Brute, and know your Duty. What's the Matter, Woman?

Plot. I have brought little Master home to your good Ladyship: The Father has discharged me: I hope your good Ladyship will consider my Case, and pretty Dove's here, and not let us starve.

Aur. I'll provide for both. Go in, Nurse, I'll have a Nursery fitted up to-morrow.

Sir Trif. Devil incarnate! All the Whores of thy Sex are doubled in thee.

Aur. You see I can have Children; do you take care to provide them Portions; I expect it, 'tis all you can do.

Enter Servants.

Ser. Sir Thomas is gone to Rest, Sir, and has order'd none shall disturb him.

Aur. What send to my Father too? Disturb his Age with your untimely Follies?—And do you hear Sirrah, henceforth go on no Errands but such as I am first made acquainted with, as you value your Livery and your Limbs. [Ex. Ser.

Sir Trif. Very pretty truly. An Hour ago this was my House;

House, and these my Servants; and now we must all be commanded by one proud imperious Strumpet.—But I'll try if I cannot awake your Father, and bring him hither.

Aur. Impudence! hear me, thou Thing; the Doors are barr'd, and kept by my Creatures, and none shall stir in or out but with my Leave—So know your Bounds, and meditate upon what I have told you. [Exit.]

Sir Trist. Meditate! yes, I have a lovely Theme for it—A fine *Jezebel* I have got.—Why am I tormented thus—I begin to feel what I never felt before, a Prick of Conscience.—I have cheated my Nephew, that's sure.—But why should I be the only Rogue that suffers?—I'll never give way to these Qualms.—I shall persuade my self to refund anon.—I hope I shall never come to that Weakness, tho'—I think nothing but my Brother's returning to Life cou'd bring me to that. [Old Welford's Ghost walks leisurely over the Stage.]—Bless me! what is that? — His Spirit to be sure come to torment me.—I'll go hide my self 'till Day-light; and then—If I can get rid of my *Messalina*—Tis well—If not, I'll fairly run away.—I'll break—tho' I get no more by it than saving my self. [Going, Ghost meets him] Oh! Oh! Oh! here again! avaunt Satan, I defy thee—I am righteous; I never cheated any of our own Party: Why dost trouble me?

Ghost. Dost know me?

Sir Trist. Know thee! ay, no, what art thou? oh! oh!

Ghost. I am the Ghost of thy departed Brother, disturb'd from Rest by thy outragious Villanies,

Sir Trist. O my Wickednes! my Sins! what must I do?

Ghost. Repent, and do Justice to the Living, and you will quiet the Dead; else this wandring Shade shall night'y pursue thee thus. [Brushes by him and Exit. Sir Tristram fails]

Sir Trist. Murder! Distraction! Fire and Brimstone! Help! [Roars.] Loose thy infernal Claws, and Iron Teeth, and let me rise, and I will repent.

Enter Servants.

1 *Ser.* What's the Matter, Sir?

Sir Trist. Now he chatters; now he gripes me; ha! more Fiend's still? let me go, I charge you; I have a long Mystery of Iniquity to discover; I cannot be carried away yet.

2 *Ser.* Sadness, how he raves! he is mad to be sure.

3 *Ser.* I thought he was no better when I heard this Wedding was a-foot.

Sir Trist.

The Sham-Wedding.

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Sir Trif. Where am I? in Hell? I'll pray my self out again—I can't pray neither.—What ugly Forms are these? Who are you? What Office do you bear in these Dominions of Darkness?

1 Ser. I am your hired Servant Salathiel, and he there is Zachary; these are no Dominions of Darkness, but your own proper House, Sir.

Sir Trif. [Looking up.] How! humpb! and where's the Ghost? Are you sure he's gone?

2 Ser. Here's no Ghost; we are all your faithful Servants, Sir; we heard you cry out, and came to your Assistance.

1 Ser. We found you in a strange Fit; Goodness defend you from the like again: But nothing was near you.

Sir Trif. Hum! no Ghost? it may be so; Fancy is very strong they say, and my Head has been in a great Disorder to Night.—But are you sure here has been no Ghost?

[They help him up.]

2 Ser. Sure, Sir? yes. What should a Ghost do here? so long before Midnight too?

Sir Trif. I thought I had heard News from Hell; Do Justice to the Living.—And so I will.—If you are sure there was no real Ghost, I'll soon be rid of the Devil that haunts me in the Shape of a Wife.—Thank Fate, I am recoverd again.—Had my Nephew come in this Fright, I had done Justice with a Vengeance to my self; but now:—No more Ghosts, and I believe I shall hold out,—to keep what I have gor. [They lead him off.]

S C E N E the Street.

Enter Plotwell in his own Habit, meeting Dawbwell.

Dawb. Signior Plotwell, most luckily met; I have been prying about for Intelligence; well, how go Affairs in the Land of Love and Interest?

Plot. To your wish, Sir, you are Fortune's Darling; Sir Trifram is heartily tired of his Wedlock, and ready to make a swinging Composition, to be freed from it.

Dawb. What hinders then, but that I now drive the Bargain whilst he is warm?

Plot. Several Things; he may suspect any sudden Motion on your Part. He must be heared thoroughly; despair of a Remedy, and then it must not meet him, but find him, as it were by Chance; besides, he is gone to his Chamber, and will not appear to-night.

Dawb.

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Dawb. And where's *Aurelia*?

Plot. Watching for fresh Matter to torment him with,
His Rest is like to prove very short; To-morrow will be
your time to appear, I'll give you Instructions time enough.

Dawb. But *Welford*, I fear, will be beforehand with us.

Plot. How can that be? *Aurelia* is yours secure: And I
know Sir *Tristram* hates his Nephew to that Degree, for
some Words at their last Interview, that he will scarce accept
of Deliverance from him.—One thing I must advise you to;
hasten home immediately, and be sure watch carefully that
no Message be deliver'd to Sir *Thomas* To-night: The old
Knights must not see one another 'till we have done.

Dawb. You shall rule me in every thing. [Exit.]

Plot. I have shaken him off at last: We must make haste,
we have but this Night for it; another Morning brings
him back, and dashes all in Pieces. [Exit Plotwell.]

S C E N E. Sir *Tristram's House*.

Enter Sir *Tristram*, a Servant waiting.

Sir *Trist*. No Rest, no Repose can I get, to ease my la-
bouring Heart. Just now, as I lay down to try to sleep,
methought two ugly Fiends, with sorer Eyes and fiery
Breath, gazed sternly at me, and through their horrid
Mouths yell'd out in devilish Consort. Then the Ghost
again, with a frightful hollow Marmur, groan'd out these
Words, *Right your injur'd Nephew*—I cannot live thus. I
must come to Terms with him, I find. I little thought
'twas in the Devil's Power to make Men do good—Try
if you can slip by my hopeful Wife's Guard, and run to
my Kinsman *Welford*, and intreat his Presence here instantly;
and the same, as you return, of Sir *Thomas* *Either-side*—
Could *Welford* help me to shake off my cursed Wife too,
I could give him all his own with Pleasure.

Enter Friendly foppishly dress'd.

Friend, You, old Gentleman Usher, is your Lady at home?

Sir *Trist*. What in the Name of Vanity and Lewdness,
have we got here?

Friend. Are you deaf? I want to speak with the Lady
of the House; must Gentlemen wait, because such Do-
tards as you have lost their Ears?

Sir *Trist*. A Whore-master and a Beau, you may see by
his Impudence: Here is no Lady in this House has any
Business with such Fops as you.

Friend.

The Sham-Wedding. 65

Friend. Unmannerly Rascal! I'll let your Lady know what Servants she keeps. Do you hear? tell her, this Moment, I am here, or I'll crop your Ears.

Sir Trif. A very civil Demand truly. To what am I fallen? made a Bawd to my Wife's Lust? — Sir, know me for the Lord of this Mansion; and retreat out of my Doors, before worse Usage compel you to it.

Friend. O, you are the Cuckold then; cry your Mercy. You may serve to keep the Door here: I'll try if I can find my Way to her Chamber without you.

[Exit as into the House.]

Sir Trif. Hellish Prostitute! I am yoak'd to a shameless, termagant, domineering Whore; that insults my Years, pollutes my Bed, and lavishes my Estate.— Would I had Courage, I'd never endure this.

Enter Clarinda in Mens Clothes.

Clar. Hey! where are all the Servants here? You, old Fellow, do you belong to this House?

Sir Trif. Another? At this rate my House will be a very Stews.

Clar. Are you dumb? where is the Lady Gettall? let her know I wait to kiss her Hands.

Sir Trif. What a squeaking Coxcomb 'tis! By his treble Voice he should be an Eunuch; but that my Wife never deals with such.

Clar. D'you hear, Fribble; why don't you stir? my Business is in haste.

Sir Trif. See the untimely Wickedness of this Age: that Boys should set up for Whore-masters, before their Voice is broken. [To her.] You may go and follow your Business in another Place, you have none here.

Clar. Saucy Scoundrel! is this your Manners to a Gentleman? [Kicks him.]

Sir Trif. Patience! Can I suffer this? Sure I may correct this little Villain. Out of my Doors, thou young Sinner, thou beardless Iniquity. [Beats her.]

C'ar. Demme! what do you mean? you rude Fellow; I'll pink your Soul, you Dotard.— (Aside) He has no Sword, I see— [Draws, and he steps back.]

Sir Trif. Very fine. I must either tamely be made a Cuckold, or have my Throat cut. Oh Matrimony! Matrimony! [Stamps.] Enter Aurelia.

Aure.

66 *The Apparition: Or,*

Aur. What means this unruly Noise? You know I won't be disturb'd. I can't find what Busines your Age has out of Bed at these Hours.

Clar. *Aurelia*, Soul of my Soul, I fly to thy Embraces;

Aur. Dear Creature, he has not hurt thee, I hope.

Clar. Not much. His untam'd Rusticity has bruise'd me a little.

Aur. Brute! must my Friends be affronted by your ill-manner'd Passion?

Sir Trist. Superlative Impudence! What, carest your lewd Minion before my Face?

Aur. Yes, to choose. I know so much of a Wife's Duty, as to keep nothing secret from my Husband.

Sir Trist. Abandon'd Prostitute! The shameless Procurress that lives by Adultery and Fornication is a Saint to thee.

Aur. Come, my Dear, let us retire; and leave the Beast in the Toils to chase by himself. [Leads her out.

Enter Plotwell in a Livery.

Plot. I have a Letter for the Lady Gettall. Can you help me to deliver it, Friend?

Sir Trist. Yes. Let me see it. [Plotwell gives it him and Exit.

Brightest Creature, [Opens it and reads.

That you are marry'd to the rich old Merchant, is the joyfullest News to me upon Earth: It doubles at once Pleasure and Security. I long to renew our Joys; therefore fix the Time to recoul the Happiness of

Your expecting Lovemore.

That Fool too? She has been blown upon by all the Flesh-Flies in Town, I see. Her Father must know this. A Villain to abuse his Friend! O I am in a Flame.

[Walks in a Fret.]

Enter Welford.

Wel. Have you any thing to say to me, Sir Tristram?

Sir Trist. Ah, Nephew, welcome. I have been unnatural to you, I confess. I turned you off helpless and friendless; and see how Heaven afflicts me for it. The Plagues that Heathen Poets feign in their fabulous Hell, are all really doubled upon me.

Wel. Your own Conscience will best inform you how you have wrong'd me.

Sir Trist. Wrong'd you? No, that is not the Case neither; but I have been cruel to you, Nephew, and now would make you some Amends before I die. Can you forgive me?

Wel.

Wel. Heaven forgive you: I wish you no Evil. I have borne your ill Usage without seeking Revenge.

Sir Trist. Ah! thou art good; I did not know thy Worth: But, say, what shall I give to purchase thy Pardon?

Wel. [Aside.] What can this mean? — [To him.] Sir; Restitution is requir'd as previous to Forgiveness; restore my Right, and you will be at peace.

Sir Trist. Say I should, will that free me from the Fury of a Wife I am now tormented with?

Wel. Poor Man! in truth I pity you: I know your Affliction. Now, could I release you from her, what should be my Reward?

Sir Trist. Half my Estate from this Moment, and the rest at my Decease.

Wel. I take you at your Word. Let some one call *Friendly* hither. *Enter Aurelia and Buiisy.*

Sir Trist. Here comes my Plague. You flatter me; you cannot do it.

Wel. On me light that Plague, if I do not. Here he comes opportunely. *Enter Friendly in his own Habit.*

Aur. What is all this? What does this Crew do here?

Sir Trist. Peace, Minx, peace; thy Reign is at an End. Here is the wonderful Disinchanter that shall undo the mighty Charm, and divorce me from my Pain for ever.

Aur. He divorce us? Poor abject Wretch; I scorn him and thee alike.

Wel. Her ill Conduct to you, Sir, to call it no worse, makes me regardless of her: I came prepared to relieve you, and have a blank Condition in my Pocket, which we will fill up instantly; and then I'll perform my Promise. *Frank,* do the Office of a Lawyer for once: You see the Blanks; Half the Estate at present, and the Remainder at his Death. *[Friendly writes.*

Sir Trist. I'll sign it freely.

Aur. I care not; the sooner the better. *[She walks apart.*

Enter Sir Thomas.

Sir Tho. What's the Matter, Son? Why am I call'd up at this unseasonable Hour?

Sir Trist. O my honest Father! you have help'd me to a choice Yoke-fellow: But I shall send your Baggage back again. If she has been plunder'd, 'twas never by me I'll be sworne.

Sir.

Sir Tho. You have some Meaning in this, I suppose.

Sir Trist. Yes, Meaning with a Vengeance. Your Daughter is a Whore, Sir.

Sir Tho. You lye, Sir. [Draws. *The Men interpose.*]

Friend. No Quarrelling here. The Fact is prov'd, and you must stand to the Judgment of the Court—Come, Sir, the Writing is done.

Sir Trist. Give it me— Let me see? hum, hum: The Condition of this Obligation; hum, hum. Give me the Pen.

Enter Dawbwell and Mrs. Abigail.

Dawb. Hold, Sir Tristram, what are you going to do there?

Sir Trist. Nothing. To undo what I would not have done again for the Universe.

Dawb. You are abused, I am confident. If it be to make void your Marriage, I'll do it for half what he demands.

Sir Trist. What will you do it for?

Dawb. For Five thousand Pounds in ready Money I'll disannul it this Moment.

Friend. Dog! Villain! Cut his Throat. [*The Men all draw.*]

Sir Trist. Some Help here. [Enter three Servants.]

Sir Tho. Hold, Gentlemen; we are three to one. Hear the Court, as you said just now.

Wel. I'll die first.

Dawb. Come on then. [Fight all. *Welford and Friendly are disarmed.*] Now, Sir, sign a Bond of the Sum I mention'd, and I will ease you immediately.

Sir Trist. Give it me: I'll not lose a Minute.

Enter Plotwell in his own Shape.

Dawb. It might be prudent to make you wait till I have one ready: But promise before this Company, I will take your Word.

Sir Trist. I promise to pay to John Dawbwell Esq; the full Sum of 5000*l.* without Fraud, or further Delay, upon Condition that he cancels my Marriage with Mrs. Adelicia Etheridge.

Dawb. Then, Sir, she is my Wife.

Sir Trist. Sir Tho. How?

Dawb. Lawfully marry'd an Hour before she was in Jest to you: Your Nuptials were solemniz'd by Parson Plotwell there; and all this Night's Management was contriv'd by him and me, to get you to release her.

Sir Trist. And is she not a Strumpet at last?

Dawb.

The Sham-Wedding.

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Dawb. As chaste as a Vestal. Come forward, Witnes-
ses Plotwell and Mrs. Buiſy, and inform the Court. Did
you not see me and Madam *Aurelia* marry'd to-night?

Plot. Buiſy. Not guilty.

Dawb. What's that?

Plot. Come, Mr. Dawbwell, 'tis Time to disabuse you:
Mrs. Abigail here is your real Bride.

Buiſy. I am Witnes to it.

Plot. What think you of bribing the Man against the
Master, Sir?

Dawb. Damn'd Traitor! Villain!

[Draws, and runs at Plot. Sir Tho. and Sir Trift. interpose.]

Sir Tho. Thy Mischief has lighted on thy own Head:
Seek to seduce my Daughter? ungrateful Monster!

Dawb. Since I am catch'd, I am resolved Welford shall
have no Cause to triumph.— I am sure then, Sir Trift,
your Nephew has her. There was a double Wedding—
I design'd it well; but in the Dark miss'd my intended
Mate, and stumbled upon his.

Sir Trift. I thank you, Sir: I find I am in a fair Way of
losing my Wife, and keeping my Estate.

Friend. This wants Proof, and no one but Welford can
release you yet.

Dawb. Yes, the Parson is Evidence enough for your
Turn: I'll send for him.

Wel. No matter. I own *Aurelia*; and am happier in
her alone, than he in all his ill-gotten Wealth.

Aur. Aunt, I give you Joy.

Abi. I am deceiv'd; but what Providence orders, I shall
with all Humility submit to— [Aside] I'm glad 'tis so well.

Sir Tho. My plotting Brother-Kinsman, and my saint-
like amorous Sister, I desire you to remove from my
House: No Part of my Estate shall descend to Wits—
Begone; and when your Fortunes are spent, you may e'en
live by Plotting together.

Dawb. Cursed Fortune! Come, Spouse, I shall make thee
a confounded Husband: But 'tis some Pleasure, in the midst
of my own Disappointment, that my Rival gets nothing
by his Bargain. [Exit with Mrs. Abigail doggedly.]

Sir Trift. And you, my kind Nephew, may sheer off after
your Companion. I shall keep my Doors shut, for the
future, against such treacherous Friends,

Friend,

Friend. You cannot be so ungrateful, to neglect your Deliverer. You ought, in Honour and Conscience, to perform Articles with him.

Sir Trist. Look you, Sir; your Honour and Conscience shall never give Rules to mine. I am pl'tred against, forsooth, tortur'd, and made a Sport and Game by you; and I must reward you for it, must I?

Sir Tho. And you, my obedient dutiful Daughter, may troop with your Bargain there. Henceforth I'll follow Pleasure; spend what I can whilst I live, and when I die, grow charitable, and make the Parish my Heir.

Sir Trist. Turn them out, and fling their Swords after them. My Niece has a Fortune; she and her Galant may maintain them all well enough.

Friend. Well, insulting Uncle: They shall never want the Means to prove a Thorn to you, and your Brother Muckworm there; and flourish in Prosperity, when the Canker consumes your extorted Substance.

Wel. Come, my Aurelia: Possest of thee, I can want nothing. [Aur. weeps.]

Aur. Your Blessing, Sir, at parting.

Sir Tho. Take it: The Fruits of Disobedience be thy Portion.

Friend. Unnatural Brute, she'll live bless'd, when thou art curs'd of all Men, even thy self.

Sir Tho. Drive them out.

As they are going; Enter Mendwell and Clarinda severally. [They turn.]

Mend. Stay all, and hear me.

[Discovering himself.] Do you know me, Sir? [To Sir Trist.]

Sir Trist. My Brother alive, and return'd? [In Disorder.]

Mend. Yes, to thy Confusion. I overheard all; but kept my self in Reserve, 'till some Occasion, like this, should call me forth.

Wel. My Father? Blest Minute!

Clar. My dearest Father; Oh Transport. [They kneel.]

Wel. We crave your Blessing here too, Sir.

Clar. And 'tis none, if you do not give it to both.

[Aur. and Friend. kneel.]

Wel. Son. Rise all: my Children all, eternal Blessings wait you.

Wel. Jun. Had you been here but a few Hours ago, you had delivered us from an Age of Pain.

Wel. Son,

The Sham-Wedding.

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Wel. Sen. I saw your Design, and approved it; but kept my self concealed, to punish that Monster of Hypocrisy and Impiety; and make my Discovery the more welcome to you.

Clar. I have a thousand Questions to ask; How did you escape? And how long have you been return'd?

Wel. Sen. I never was in Danger. The Ship I went out in, was wreckt in her Return, whilst I was on Board another. That occasioned the Mistake of my Death:—I came to Town this Day, where I soon met with that Report, and another of the Disorders of my Family. I disguised my self to learn the true Particulars; and now am my self again, to rejoice with you at all our Safeties.

Wel. Jun. How have you hid your self from all our Eyes, Sir?

Wel. Sen. In various Shapes. I was the Sailor, who confirm'd this Wretch in the Belief of my being drown'd: I acted my own Ghost to terrify him; and had not kept you in Suspense so long, but that both these assured me, *Aurelia's* Marriage was over; which, when I could not prevent, I resolved to make as uneasy to him as possible.

Sir Trist. [Recovering.] Very well, Sir; you are return'd; and I must quit, I suppose: But you are but Tenant for Life, I have it secure that I am your Heir.

Wel. Sen. No, vile Forger; I have your Minister of Fraud in hold. [At the Door.] Bring in your Prisoner there. [Enter Bailiffs with Foist.] Say, thou Scandal of the Law, and Overturner of Justice, what induced thee to forge that wicked Deed?

Foist. The Devil of Mony tempted me; and Sir Tristram there was her Agent.

Wel. Sen. Take him away. I'll make an Example of a Rogue, who turns the Subject's Defence, the Law, into their greatest Grievance. [To Sir Trist.] And thou, once my Brother, but now Stranger to my Blood, fly far from my Sight; and learn, if thou canst, to be honest.

Friend. The History of this Night will be an Encouragement to Virtue. Villany has met with its due Reward; whilst Innocence is safe and happy.

[Exit Sir Trist. *fullerly*.]

Wel. Sen. Sir Thomas, you have had too great a Share in that wicked Man's evil Design.—I shall not upbraid
you;

The Apparition, &c.

you; but only put you in mind, that a sordid Love of Gain, and gaping after Wealth, is often the Ruin of those Families they were meant to raise.

Sir Tho. I confess my Error and repent it.

Wel. Sen. Give your Blessing here then.

Sir Tho. I do; and my whole Estate with it, as an Atonement for the rash Words I spoke before.

Wel. Jun. They are forgotten, Sir.

Aur. Till now I was not fully blest.

Wel. Jun. 'Tis late, Sir, and your Fatigue needs Rest: Only let us do Justice to one Couple more. They have been very industrious to do us Service; and seem cut out for one another.

Plot. Your Pardon, Sir; I never intend to marry.

Friend. Why so, Sirrah?

Plot. We Marriage-Cooks, whilst we prepare the Dish for others, generally lose our own Stomachs.

Buify. Marry come up, Mr. Disdain: Deny when you are ask'd. I never design'd to stoop to your Greafiness.

Plot. No, if you stoop, 'tis to my Bettors, I know. Come, Mrs. Buify, we'll be Friends still; we have known one another too long to marry.

Wel. Sen. Well, Children, let the Reflection of what has this Day befallen you teach you this Lesson, Never to go aside from the Paths of Honour: Vice cannot prosper long; and Virtue, though suppress'd a while, yet will rise up and flourish in the End;

*Whilst those, who on base Actions build Renown,
From off their envy'd Heights are tumbled down.*

[Exeunt Omnes]

F I N I S.

